THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLI. No. 1039 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1951 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	117
THE COST OF DOING WITHOUT	120
AS A SOCIALIST SEES IT. By G. D. H. Cole	120
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	121
THIS ENGLAND	122
HE FELL AMONG GENTS. By Sagittarius	122
GUNS FOR THE GERMANS? By Basil Davidson	123
KING COTTON. By Mervyn Jones	124
THE NEW YUGOSLAVIA. By H. N. Brailsford	125
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus	125
C.I.D. MAN. By C. R. Hewitt	126
SNAILS AND SPENGLER. By Edward Hyams	127
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
Pygmalion. By T. C. Worsley	127
The Movies. By William Whitebait	128
Radio Notes. By William Salter	128
CORRESPONDENCE	129
From Fenner Brockway, M.P.; Rev. Kenneth Rawlings; Bernard Martin; Stephen Fulkerson; B. W. Dale; Aelred Graham; Prof. J. B. S. Haldane; James Strachey; Immanuel Velikovsky; Otto Friedman.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	132
A VIEW FROM SINODUN. By George D. Painter	133
REVIEWS:	Page
J. M. Keynes. By Kingsley Martin	133
The First Counter-attack. By Simon Harcourt-Smith	134
From the Dark Shops. By Margaret Bottrall	134
New Novels. By Michael Ramsbotham	136
For Export. By Walter Allen	137
Two Splendid Girls. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	137
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	138
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	140
CHESS. By Assiac	141

Britain on the Skids

THE debate on the rearmament programme, when it comes, will be the most critical which the Labour Party has had to face since 1931. By common consent it has been postponed to permit consultation behind the scenes; and it is already clear that the Parliamentary Labour Party, reacting both to the obvious disagreements within the Cabinet and to the mood of the Labour movement throughout the country, is filled with disquiet and distracted by conflicting emotions.

It is not the fact of increased armaments or the personal problems of the Z Reservists which are causing most concern. Only a tiny minority of pacifists denies the need for a reasonable armament programme for legitimate purposes of Western defence, and few Labour members have the technical knowledge to make any very searching analysis of the military or economic consequences of increasing the bill to £4,700 millions. The real discussion centres round the relation of rearmament to foreign policy.

The news that the British representative at Lake Success, after ten days of agonising uncertainty, has finally voted for the American Resolution, with slight amendments, has not made any easier Mr. Morrison's task of maintaining Party unity. Britain is now committed to the possibility of sanctions if conciliation fails. If the Good Offices Committee breaks down—and MacArthur, even if China is conciliatory, may be expected to see that it does—there will be a demand for sanctions; now that we have branded China an aggressor we shall be in a weak position to resist that demand. This Resolution is our 38th Parallel; once we have crossed it, we have lost control of our own future. If America does demand sanctions, part at least of the increased armaments and increased call-up will be used against China in a war which is condemned, not only by the Labour movement, but by a large section of non-political public opinion. In that case, what started last July as a police action to localise a minor act of aggression will end in a full-scale war. And the objective of that war, as General MacArthur made clear last Saturday, will be the "liberation of Asia," or in other words the use of the United Nations in order to crush the social revolution of the colonial peoples.

It may be that many of the Government's critics in the Labour Party do not fully appreciate the Premier's efforts to restrain American policy. Those efforts have been genuine and persistent but quite insufficiently tough; in any case it is futile to deny that they have been unsuccessful. In the tug of war between General MacArthur and the British Cabinet, the General has pulled our men, inch by inch, out of their prepared footholds until, with varying volume of protest, the Cabinet is now slithering over to his side.

It is this spectacle which has caused the present upsurge of indignation throughout the whole country; the surge of feeling is none the less great because so little recorded in the press. When the tug of war on China is over, the next bout on German rearmament will begin. Here the prospect of any prolonged Government resistance has been lessened by Mr. Bevin's feeble and unnecessary surrender in New York last September on the principle of a German contribution to Atlantic Defence. Every Labour Member therefore knows that unless something quite unexpected occurs, he will soon be asked to condone the rearmament of the Germans as well as the spread of the war in Asia.

For the Conservative Party, which has always believed that in the last resort any principle must be sacrificed to maintain the American alliance, the sight of a Labour Government gradually submitting to Washington, is not distasteful. Why should not their Socialist opponents be permitted to commit the country to these distasteful policies, to divide themselves in the process, and so to increase the chances of a Conservative Government in due course? For Labour Members the dilemma is almost unbearable. If they remain loyal to their leaders, they must condone a policy which accepts the drift to war and, incidentally, prepares the way at home for electoral defeat. But a split now could bring nothing but political disaster, and would put into power the strident advocates of the policies which Mr. Attlee has been trying to resist.

The Prime Minister would gain immensely in public esteem if he even now resisted American pressure on China and reversed Mr. Bevin's decision on German rearmament. Unfortunately Mr. Attlee hates the limelight, and tends to dismiss as "empty gestures" any downright statement of policy. If he could be persuaded to conquer these inhibitions and for once to say openly what he believes, there are silent millions in the U.S., as well as in Britain, who would gladly respond to his leadership. It is the mark of the leader that he is willing to face the limelight on behalf of his people.

CHINA BRANDED

By joining with France and the "White" Dominions in supporting the (amended) U.S. Resolution branding China as an aggressor, the British Government has taken a grave step. Not merely is it a sorry departure from the realistic, liberal policy on which the Commonwealth Conference appeared to have unanimously agreed; it marks, we fear, the passage of one more milestone on the tragic road to the Third World War. Lest readers should have lost track of the involved process by which this result was reached in the debates at Lake Success, we take this opportunity of setting down, for the record, the main points in the proceedings of the Political Committee which led up to the vote.

In summary, the substance of the U.S. Resolution was as follows:

1. The Committee finds that the People's Republic of China has engaged in aggression.
2. The Committee calls upon the People's Republic to cause its forces and nationals to cease hostilities and to withdraw from Korea.
3. The Committee affirms the determination of the U.N. to continue action in Korea to meet the aggression.
4. The Committee calls on all Member States to refrain from assisting the aggressor in Korea.
5. The Committee requests the Collective Measures Committee as a matter of urgency to consider additional measures to be employed to meet this aggression.
6. The Committee affirms that it is still U.N. policy to bring about a cessation of hostilities and the achievement of U.N. objectives in Korea by peaceful means, and requests the President of the Assembly to form, with two other persons, a Good Offices Committee.

On January 24, the Asian-Arab Group tabled a proposal that a Seven-Power Conference (including the People's Republic) should meet immediately to elucidate Peking's attitude in the light of the last Chinese Note and to "make any consequential arrangements for a peaceful settlement." Mr. Warren Austin, U.S. delegate, expressed the view that China's attitude was "inadequate": Peking gave no firm assurances about the withdrawal of troops, and offers of a truce for "a limited time" were unsatisfactory.

Next day, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, the British delegate, indicated that Britain was broadly in agreement with the U.S. Resolution in so far as it returned a finding of aggression against the People's Republic, called for the withdrawal of Chinese troops and affirmed determination to continue action in Korea. He expressed, however, the view that the Committee should explore further the chances of negotiations with Peking, that the People's Republic should have a seat on the United Nations, and that the questions of sanctions against China should be approached with caution.

On January 26, the suggestion was made by the Israeli delegate that the U.S. Resolution might be amended so as to provide that the question of sanctions should not arise until it had become manifest that all efforts by the Good Offices Committee had failed. On the following day the Canadian delegate, Mr. Lester Pearson, said that Canada reluctantly agreed to brand China as an aggressor. He proposed, however, that the Seven-Power Conference, desired by the Asian-Arab group, might be given the following agenda in order of precedence:

(a) To appoint a cease-fire committee consisting of representatives of the U.S., the People's Republic, and the U.N. Korean Commission.

(b) To seek a peaceful solution in Korea within the ambit of U.N. principles.

(c) To arrange for a withdrawal from Korea of all non-Korean forces.

(d) To discuss the future representation of China in the U.N.

The offer to convene such a conference should, he recommended, be transmitted to Peking, with a 48-hour time limit.

Next day, Mr. Warren Austin made a speech in which he emphasised that the U.S. Resolution was not intended to "slam the door" on a peaceful settlement. He was insistent, however, that China must legally be found guilty of aggression, and he desired that the study of sanctions and the work of the Good Offices Committee should proceed simultaneously. The delegate of Lebanon thereupon said that he would support the U.S. Resolution if the change previously suggested by Israel were accepted; and on Monday, January 29, a Lebanese amendment to Clause (5) of the U.S. Resolution was lodged providing that the Collective Measures Committee should be "authorised to defer its report if the Good Offices Committee . . . reports satisfactory progress." Both the British and French delegates then announced that the U.S. text, thus amended, would receive their support; and on Tuesday, the Asian-Arab proposal for a Seven-Power Conference having failed to secure more than 18 votes, against 27 "Noes" and 14 abstentions (in which Britain was included), the U.S. Resolution was passed by 44 to 7, with 7 abstentions, including Yugoslavia and Sweden.

What follows now? The application of "additional measures" against China is at least postponed until the Good Offices Committee has had time to report progress or failure; but Sir Benegal Rau has already warned the Political Committee that the branding of China as an aggressor would wreck all hope of settlement. Peking may well argue that it is not compatible with the dignity of a Great Power to discuss terms in one room while, in another room, a committee of her enemies is busily studying sanctions. Nor is Chinese stiffness likely to be lessened by reports that France is conspiring with the United States to make use of Chiang Kai-shek's troops in Indo-China.

Footing the Bill

In giving the figure of £4,700 million as the total cost—apart from stock-piling—of the rearmament programme in 1951-54, the Prime Minister indicated that the amount likely to fall on the next Budget would be £1,300 millions. Since this sum is £520 millions greater than last year's original Estimate, the immediate fiscal problem thus confronting Mr. Gaitskell is formidable. But even in the unlikely event of the present inflation of prices being checked, the curve of armaments expenditure is to go on rising and, by 1953-54, will closely approach £2,000 millions. In short, what the Government is apparently proposing to do is to cram into three years an expenditure on armaments which—emergency apart—would have been spread over six or seven.

Mr. Attlee was asked on Monday how he reconciled these proposals with the statement contained, last August, in the memorandum handed to the U.S. Ambassador, that a net figure of something like £2,900 millions—allowing for the American contribution requested—would be the "upper limit" of what Britain could afford without politically disastrous damage to her economy. His answer was that "special measures," not contemplated six months ago, would now be taken. It is only too plain that if this programme, which appears to exceed last summer's "upper limit" by no less than £1,800 millions, is in fact to be carried out, it will involve not merely drastic increases in taxation but—since exports must be maintained—a curtailment of non-essential civilian production which can only be brought about by requisitioning, stringent controls over all manner of supplies, and, above all, direction of labour. In addition, it is obvious that if uncontrollable inflation is to be avoided, there will have to be a drastic cutting down of capital expenditure. Since investment in some directions, such as coal and electricity, cannot be reduced without making nonsense of the rearmament programme, the inference seems unescapable that social welfare projects—housing, hospitals, school building—will have to go by the board. To pretend that this programme, if sincerely intended, will be painless, would be grossly disingenuous.

Men for the Arms

The numbers of Class Z Reservists who are to be called up for a fortnight's training this summer are unexpectedly large; but it is doubtful whether anything like 235,000 men will in fact don uniform and join their designated formations. From the selected total it will probably be necessary to deduct, first, at least 45,000 rejected on medical grounds. Then, there are to be tribunals which will give consideration to cases of hardship—*e.g.*, men engaged in a one-man business, or possibly Reservists with large families, in whose case army pay (even with the gratuity of £4 for the fortnight) would involve personal difficulties.

No doubt the Service Chiefs will enjoy the experience gained in this "sample mobilisation"; but it seems questionable whether the scheme will augment military strength to a degree in any way commensurate with the disturbance it will cause in industry—to say nothing of the added strain on the railways. Allowing for the time necessarily occupied in travelling, medical examination, drawing kit, form-filling and returning arms and equipment, the called-up Reservists are unlikely to spend as much as a week in practical training. This may be long enough to impart to specialists a rudimentary knowledge of new types of weapons, radar and so forth; but in the case of the 80,000 men who are to fill up the field units of the Territorial Army, there will be no time for exercises on anything higher than a company level. And all this will mean that substantial numbers of regulars will be occupied in the administrative tasks involved in the call-up. Had the Government planned to demonstrate to the world how impossible it is for Britain to mobilise effectively without disaster to industry, and at the same time to lower morale by concentrating disgruntled Reservists in useless camps, it could hardly have been more successful.

U.S. Controls

After a week of hesitation, during which consumer prices reached a new peak, Mr. Truman's Administration has imposed "blanket" price and wage controls. Up to the very moment when the executive orders were issued last Friday, attempts were being made by special interests —such as business and labour groups—to hold off, at least temporarily, the application of controls to their own section of the economy. But it was clear that inflation would not wait. Mr. DiSalle and Mr. Cyrus Ching, directors of price and wage stabilisation respectively, have now announced that prices are to be held at the peak reached between December 19 and January 25, while wages are to be "stabilised" at the levels prevailing on January 25.

The announcement, however, was immediately followed by an admission that "adjustments" would follow. It seems that an effort will be made, in the case of wages, to take care of unions which had fallen behind in pay increases (usually as a result of long-term contracts) and to permit some increases where wages are pegged to cost-of-living indices. A similar compensation may be permitted to manufacturers and retailers. It is almost certain that both confusion and evasion will follow from these blanket controls. So far, the enforcement machinery is almost non-existent, and the use of this blunderbuss method is bound to produce serious anomalies. But since Mr. Wilson, who is directing the mobilisation programme, now says that he is planning as if for the first year of a major war, some attempt to check inflation was long overdue, even if the methods chosen are clumsy and amateurish.

Going Slow in Engineering

The trouble which began among engineering workers in the Manchester area shows signs of spreading. Ship-repairers on Merseyside are now affected, and though there is a truce for negotiations at the Rolls-Royce works near Glasgow, the dispute seems likely to extend to the North-East coast. The difficulties have arisen from the recent award of a wage-increase to time-workers, without a corresponding advance to workers on piecework. This has led to a ban on piecework, starting in the Metropolitan-Vickers establishment among the skilled men, but now extended to other factories and to less skilled machine-workers, women as well as men. The changeover to time work has involved a sharp reduction in output, partly because of slower working but mainly because of refusal to work overtime. Important contracts, not only for war requirements but also for electrical plant, are being held up; and at Messrs. Cravens there has been a general walk-out in protest against the action of a foreman, not a member of the Foundry Workers' Union, who tried to speed matters up by doing a job normally done by a moulder. Cravens' rejoinder has been to close the foundry —a move which has led to a further walk-out. Though many pieceworkers have been earning quite large sums, largely by overtime and week-end work, there is widespread dissatisfaction at the failure to grant them any advance in connection with the increase in time-rates; and it looks as if some concession will have to be made if a spread of the trouble is to be averted. How far politics lie at the back of the trouble it is hard to say: in all probability discontent with recent developments in international policy has something to do with it. It is putting the case mildly to say that there is little enthusiasm in the workshops for the rearmament drive, and that what there was is being killed fast by the recent turn in British foreign policy.

The Good Boy of Europe?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Is the Pleven Government trying to become, in the eyes of Washington, the Good Boy of Europe? There is, in some quarters, a scarcely concealed desire that France should cash in on Anglo-American differences and become America's "Ally No. 1." It is no secret that M. Chauvel, the French delegate at U.N., was from the outset in favour of supporting America's condemnation of China up to the hilt, as "a useful gesture of France's independence in relation to Britain."

Before M. Pleven left for Washington, France was given here just the kind of "advance publicity" that should please large sections of American opinion. Following the official drive against the "neutralists" came the order from the Ministry of the Interior that the head offices in Paris of the W.F.T.U., the International Women's Federation, and the Democratic Youth Federation should be closed down—even though the first-named is a body approved for consultative status (Category A) by the U.N. Finally, there were the incidents connected with the Communist demonstration against Eisenhower ten days ago. All the non-Communist papers announced that it had been a fiasco and had come to an "early ignominious end." But what really happened was that the whole neighbourhood of the Etoile was black with thousands of police armed to the teeth, and that such Communists as got anywhere near Eisenhower's hotel were chased into police cars and, more often than not, beaten up. Though over 3,000 such arrests were made, the public might not have read anything about the "inadmissible brutality" of the police if the reporter of the *Figaro* and those of three other Right-wing papers had not been beaten up, too, by mistake. Are Congressmen satisfied by this demonstration that the Government could be "tough with the Reds"?

Not that this solves the problem of Germany. While in Germany, Eisenhower had made it pretty clear that the "Pleven Plan," with its "European Army" was, as far as he was concerned, down the drain. "Perfect equality" for Germany is precisely what the French have been fighting against, and the Communists' "No Wehrmacht" is exactly the phrase that has been used, over and over again, by both M. Pleven and M. Schuman. Will the French Government now accept the American view on Germany, in return for "substantial aid" for Indo-China? This aid would presumably only take the form of heavy war equipment. Or are the 30,000 Nationalist soldiers, still interned at Haiphong, to be used against Viet Minh? As a precedent, nothing would please General MacArthur better.

In France meantime the gulf between the pro-Government press and public sentiment is rapidly widening, and the fear that America is already on the war-path is far greater than the fear that Russia may spontaneously invade Western Europe. The discontent is further increased by a rapid rise in prices of a large range of commodities, and there is little indication of effective price controls being imposed, still less of wages going up. The recent Mendès-France prophesies of "economic disequilibrium" are already coming true, and M. Petsche, the Minister of Finance, is said to be in a very gloomy mood.

The Dutch Crisis

A Correspondent in Amsterdam writes: The Dutch Cabinet crisis is apparently to be resolved in the French manner—the most criticised Minister being called upon to head a new Cabinet which will differ only imperceptibly from the old. Just why Mr. Oud and his fellow Liberals chose to bring down the Government is obscure. Some may have hoped that the new Cabinet would represent a sharp swing to the Right, with the exclusion of the Labour Party from the coalition; but there was never any serious chance of this.

The crisis, indeed, is regarded in Holland less as a deliberate manoeuvre than as an explosion of anger over two recent actions of the Government: the statement that New Guinea could be safely entrusted to a Dutch-Indonesian condominium, and the dismissal of General Kruls. The situation over New Guinea is ironical. The commercial interests behind the Liberal Party are opposed to making a fight over this backward territory, strategically important but economically valueless. They do not think the Papuan jungle is worth a row with the Indonesian Republic and the loss, probably to America, of profitable contracts with the new regime there. This hard-headed estimate does not prevent some Liberal politicians, along with those of the extreme Right, from raising a storm over New Guinea for reasons of national prestige.

The abrupt dismissal of General Kruls, effected with some courage by a non-party Minister of War, was a heavy blow to those who follow the star of this "Dutch de Gaulle." He shot up from a comparatively lowly rank to become head of the Dutch forces in exile during the last war. Returning to liberated Holland, he tried to exclude the civilian authorities and keep the country under martial law, but was foiled by the vigilance of the Resistance. In the last five years, as chief of the General Staff, he has delivered repeated political speeches and made himself into a political force connected with the authoritarian Right. The visit of General Eisenhower, and the Supreme Commander's far-reaching demands for Dutch rearmament, gave him an opportunity.

Contrary to some published reports, there is no real evidence of disagreement over the forces that Holland could contribute to the Atlantic armies. The Government's plan involves the formation of as many units as can possibly be armed, and protests over the lowering of civilian standards are confined, as in Britain, to a section of Labour back-benchers. The General's friends, however, were able to put about rumours that he had suggested vastly more drastic plans of mobilisation, that these met with American approval, and that these patriotic proposals were being shelved by lukewarm Ministers, especially Labour Ministers. In this the Kruls party was vastly helped by General Eisenhower's letter to the American Ambassador at The Hague, in which he wrote of his "depressed and disturbed" mood on leaving Holland. This letter came at such an apt moment that many people believe it to have been suggested, or at least leaked, by General Kruls and his friends. This is guesswork; but, if it is true, the event proved that the General struck too soon. Certainly, by rushing forward as a partisan of Eisenhower, he added nothing to the popularity of the American plans, which run counter to the continuing Dutch hatred of German militarism.

PARLIAMENT: Armed Men and Landlords

Wednesday.

EVEN Tiberius Caesar, when he directed the affairs of the Roman Empire by remote control from Capri, could not have exercised greater authority than Ernest Bevin from his sick bed in Bayswater. Ministers may not speak on foreign affairs without the Foreign Secretary's approval. Since Mr. Bevin is sick, Ministers are silent. In all the discussions of the Commons, the shadow of his ample personality falls; and many of the questions now being anxiously debated bear the hall-mark of his policy. Mr. Attlee leaves no doubt that he thinks a sick Bevin more dynamic than his unhospitalised colleagues. While he is ill, the P.M. keeps his seat warm in the Foreign Office for his return.

On Monday, Mr. Attlee gave his long-prophesied statement on Defence. Once more he played the game of proving the prophets wrong. The House had been braced by Beaverbrook to measures stringent enough to hurt—at least those on Z reserve. Instead, the P.M. tempered the wind to these shorn lambs—235,000 would be called up, but only for a 15 days' refresher course—and turned the heat on the national purse. The House listened in silence to the estimate of £4,700 million for rearmament. Most of the questions, following the statement, expressed concern about the effect of this vast expenditure on the British economy. Except Mr. Churchill's. He wondered whether the estimate was big enough to meet the realities we had to face. Mr. Churchill clearly inherits from his illustrious father a supreme contempt for the "damned dots" of the Exchequer.

Later, reaction in the lobbies varied greatly. Most Members seemed prepared to accept grimly the Government's assertion of dangers in the situation and to reconcile themselves to its proposed remedy. Some doubted whether the Red Army, if hell-bent for war, could be restrained by 235,000 men from a fortnight's camp or that Britain could meet the cost of vast rearmament unaided. Pacifists were distressed. Some took refuge in cynicism: in five years, rearming the Chinese against Japanese aggression had given way to rearming the Japanese against Chinese aggression; fighting with Russia against German oppression, to preparing to fight with Germany against Russian oppression; and so to the triumphant conclusion that an Anglo-American alliance against Russian imperialism was the proper preparation for an Anglo-Russian alliance against American imperialism.

The House turned with relief to the lesser complexities of Leasehold Reform. In six hours, between them, the lawyers debated eighteen lines of the first clause of a single Bill. Between them, they agreed that Barnett Janner was incontrovertibly right in his contention that "a lease was a lease," but that Sir Patrick Spens should not go unchallenged in his assertion that a ground lease was a lease "of various plots of land on which houses were to be built." Eventually George Thomas felt compelled to apologise that his amendment was "so clear and straightforward that everybody can follow it." Except, apparently, unwilling lawyers.

Even to a layman, however, it became clear that there was method in his madness. A Bill thus fiercely contested, line by line, will find passage, first through the Commons and then through the Lords, difficult if not impossible in the present Parliamentary position. By the queer logic of Conservative philosophy, Tories show themselves still the strong defenders of tenants' rights by a rigorous advocacy of landlords' privileges.

TOM WILLIAMS

The Cost of Doing Without

THERE are sums in political arithmetic which do not add up, equations whose solution makes nonsense. The weekly ration of carcase meat is now reduced to 8d. because the Minister of Food declines to pay the price which Argentina demands. This price, scaled down substantially from that originally demanded, represents an average—frozen and chilled meat combined—of £120 a ton, whereas Mr. Webb's maximum offer was £104 a ton. In justifying his final rejection of Argentina's terms, the Minister argued in the House that acceptance would have meant paying higher prices also for Australian and New Zealand meat. In view of the current inflation of wool prices, with their inevitable reaction on the production of livestock for killing, Mr. Webb will be lucky in any case if he evades this unpleasant necessity. But let us concede that the whole of the difference of £16 per ton between the British offer and the Argentine's demand might have to be applied to the whole of the 800,000 tons of meat which Britain imports annually. The cost would amount to roughly £13 millions a year. This could have been met by allowing meat prices to rise by less than 2d. a pound. Alternatively, the £13 millions could have been financed out of the food subsidies—more appropriately than drawing on the subsidies to give butchers, as compensation for their dwindling trade, a rebate at the annual rate of £27 millions, or over twice the amount which would have been needed not merely to obtain the Argentine meat which we have lost, but to pay comparable increases of price for our Dominion supplies as well.

Since we are not short of foreign exchange, Mr. Webb was curiously optimistic in his conviction that "our people are prepared to accept the situation." He may plead that, when the protracted negotiations with the Argentine began, he could not have foreseen the extent to which American rearmament would produce a world-wide price inflation; and admittedly his bargaining position is now weakened by the eagerness of the United States to buy Argentine chilled meat for her armed forces. But by what crazy arithmetic can he defend paying butchers, for not selling meat, £14 millions more a year than it would have cost to get the meat and subsidise its consumption? The Minister rightly rejected the Tory suggestion that additional supplies of more expensive meat should be imported and sold off the ration. But he is quite wrong in supposing, as he seems to suppose, that a reduced ration of meat at stable prices means that he is "holding the line" in the real cost of living. The more exiguous the weekly slice of rationed meat, the more the housewife has to fall back on expensive fish, on rabbits grotesquely priced at 5s. or 6s. each, or on costly canned Continental products such as frankfurters at 5s. 9d. for eight and cooked ham at 10s. per pound. Rather than force the public to have recourse to such high-priced substitutes, it would have been better, if need be, to allow rationed meat prices to rise by 2d. a pound. Such an increase would have been a factor of no importance in the present movement for higher wages—a movement whose momentum is provided by the soaring cost, not merely of clothing and household goods, but of so many foodstuffs not included in the official cost-of-living index.

We are left with the impression, not that bulk buying is intrinsically inefficient—indeed in a world of bulk selling it is indispensable—but that Mr. Webb has got himself into an absurd situation by endeavouring, at one and the same time, to avoid paying out more food subsidies—the butchers' rebate was presumably a surrender to pressure after the event—and to prevent any embarrassing upward move in a statistical index figure in whose validity, as a true measurement of living costs, few now believe. The reason, we suspect, is not that the Government thereby hopes to frustrate wage claims. More relevant is its fear that, if the cost of living is officially recognised to have risen substantially, there will be irresistible pressure to augment old-age pensions to which, as a result of Lord Beveridge's ingenuity, the whole complex of associated rates of social welfare benefits are geared. This would indeed be a pretty kettle of budgetary fish. But, if the alternative is, in effect, to tell people that the cost of their diet is low since they are forbidden to eat much, it might be wiser to discard this economic make-believe and face the facts of the world price situation. The cost of doing without can become too high to be tolerable.

As a Socialist Sees It

PERHAPS it may be worthwhile, amid the deep confusions which beset us nowadays on all sides, for one lifelong Socialist, who makes no profession of being able to see the whole thing clear in his mind, to set down as frankly as he can the broad attitude to which he has been reluctantly and unhappily driven by the impact of recent events. In order to do this, I must go back at least to the time just before the war in Korea began. The situation, as I think we then all understood it to be, was that the Americans had not only withdrawn their forces from Korea, but had stated quite openly that they did not regard South Korea as a defensible area in the event of war. I was not greatly surprised when the North Korean Government took these events as an indication that South Korea could be overrun by its forces without serious risk of American armed intervention on the other side. I myself was not so sure of this, in view of General MacArthur's known propensity for acting on his own; and I felt that the North Koreans were committing a grave error of judgment. I was, however, quite unable to regard their action as "aggression" in any sense that could properly call for intervention by the United Nations. I did not regard the 38th Parallel as constituting in any sense an international frontier; and I looked on the war in Korea as essentially a civil and not an

international war. Of course, I knew that the North Koreans had been armed by the Soviet Union and the South Koreans by the United States; but that did not appear to me to turn the war into a war between two countries, or to involve the United Nations—unless U.N. were to be regarded, as the Americans evidently do regard it, as part of the mechanism of the West in the Cold War against Communism.

Looking on the Korean War as a civil war, I wanted the North to win. The Government of South Korea appeared to me to be a hopelessly reactionary puppet affair, which had no chance of survival without American support, and I could not contemplate any solution of the Korean question that would involve permanent American intervention on the Asian continent. I do not like Communism; but I like even less reactionary landlordism backed by foreign force against the will of the people. I therefore thought that the unification of Korea under the North Korean Government was the least unpleasant way out of a very unpleasant situation; and I hoped that the Americans, in view of what they had said about the military indefensibility of South Korea, would acquiesce in this limited withdrawal from an outpost of no great importance to them unless they were contemplating aggressive action against China.

When the Americans did intervene in arms, and appealed to U.N., I felt their action to be entirely wrong; and I held that other countries, including Great Britain, should have refused to support them. In the first place, I felt it to be a sheer misuse of U.N. to take advantage of the absence of the Russians from the Security Council and of the presence of the wrong Chinese Government—against which this country ought to have taken a much stronger stand—to convert U.N. from what it was set up to be, an instrument of agreed policy among the Great Powers, into an agent of one half of the world against the other half. Secondly, I felt that the American action in respect of Formosa, even though the British Government did not associate itself with it, put the Americans thoroughly in the wrong. At that stage, most of my friends were telling me that the British would be able to stop the Americans from crossing the 38th Parallel, and that it would be easier to do this if we joined forces with them in Korea than if we refused to do so. I strongly disagreed; and on this point at any rate the course of events proved me right.

When the American forces, dragging us with them, advanced right to the Manchurian frontier, I was quite unable to blame the Chinese for intervening. Whether or not the Americans meant at once to put Manchurian industries out of action, it became perfectly plain that, by occupying all Korea and by upholding Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa, the Americans were building up a strategic position for war against Communist China as part of their general strategy in the world struggle against Communism. Such a policy seemed to me to be disastrous, because it was inconsistent with the attempt to bring about a *détente* in the Far East and because it was bound, far from weakening Communist influence in Asia, to strengthen it immensely by making more and more Asians look to Communist China as the main defender of Asian freedom against White imperialism as represented by America and by any White country that allied itself with America in the Korean War. I believe in the cause of Asian freedom: I hold that the Asian countries ought to manage their own affairs, and I do not see how they can be expected to put any trust in the White countries as long as the Americans are openly supporting Chiang in his expressed determination to reconquer China.

The events in the Far East, and British policy in relation to them, would have been bad enough if they had stood alone. But they went along with hardly less disastrous developments in Europe. I believe most British people agree with me in being utterly opposed to any proposal to rearm Western Germany. I am utterly opposed to this, both because I thoroughly mistrust the Germans and do not feel at all sure on whose side their arms would be used, and also because I feel certain that the effect of rearmament will be to bring the worst sort of militarist reactionaries back to power in Germany. But most of all I oppose West German rearmament because it will create in Germany a position closely analogous to that which has brought dire misfortune in Korea—two enemies of one nation facing each other across an utterly unreal frontier, and each supported by one of the major contestants in the Cold War. What could be worse than this as a means of averting the world war which we are all still professing our desire to prevent?

What attitude should Socialists and Labour Party supporters who feel as I do take up in the present situation? I believe the Soviet Union to have been quite largely responsible for the disastrous worsening of the world situation which followed the introduction of the Marshall Plan—though I put the main blame for its subsequent worsening (after the Communist victory in China) on the United States. I am deeply distrustful of Communists and fellow-travellers in the light of past experience. I am not prepared to associate myself in any protest in which I may find myself being made a tool of Communist policy. I want, not to side with the Soviet Union or the Western Communists against the Americans, but to make a stand for peace and democratic Socialism against them both.

How to do this, except by writing down frankly what I believe and hoping that it will serve as some encouragement to others who broadly agree with me, I do not know. I must, however, say this. If Great Britain gets dragged into war with China by the Americans, I shall be on the side of China, and so, I believe, will be enough of my fellow-countrymen to make a deep rift in our national solidarity. If Great Britain agrees to rearm Western Germany, I shall feel unable to take any further part in exhorting the British workers to make an all-out productive effort in order to produce arms for a war in Europe that will no longer be in any sense a war for freedom and democracy. Not, of course, that what I do personally will make a ha'porth of difference. I am writing this down, not out of any belief in my own importance, but because I believe much of it represents what many good Socialists and democrats are feeling, with a chill at their hearts, and because it is about time someone said it in print.

I know, of course, that quite a number of people will treat everything I have said as in effect irrelevant to the main issue. They will say that it is so important for Great Britain to stand in well with America, and to secure American help in resisting Russian pressure in Europe, that nothing else matters, that we must do whatever the Americans tell us to do rather than run any risk of a breach which might lead to a recrudescence of American isolationism and would certainly cause the Russians to rejoice. I would ask those who take this line whether they really mean we must blindly follow the Americans even when American policy, instead of keeping us out of world war, appears to be landing us right into it. I believe the best hope for the world—and the *only* hope for Great Britain—is in averting a new war and in working for a *détente* on the basis of a world in which Communism, Capitalism and Socialism live together, as Catholicism and Protestantism, or Mohammedism and Christianity, managed to do in past epochs. The hope of that coming about lies in playing for time, and in doing what we can to avoid an absolutely clear-cut division of the world into two hostile armed camps—which is precisely what the Americans seem bent on bringing about. World war, for us at any rate, would be the ultimate disaster. The duty of democratic Socialists is therefore to do what they can to get in between the rival pressure groups of world revolution and world capitalism. The "third force" cannot now be a great armed Power: it can still, given the right lead from Britain, be a great force for clear thinking and plain common sense.

G. D. H. COLE

London Diary

WE have been told so often that it is the pressure of an outraged public opinion which has been compelling the American Administration to tolerate MacArthurism that the result of a recent Gallup Poll survey came as a genuine surprise. This poll taken in December, after six months of the Korean war, showed that 58 per cent. of the American people favour the admission of Communist China to the United Nations and 28 per cent. oppose it, whereas in July only 11 per cent. favoured it and 58 per cent. were opposed. A still more recent poll disclosed a three to one majority in favour of withdrawing from Korea. These figures prove once again that public opinion is often a great deal more intelligent than the newspapers and politicians who are supposed to lead it. Despite the casualties in Korea and an enormously expensive propaganda campaign to whip up war fever, the attitude of ordinary Americans to the China crisis does not seem to be so very different from that of Britain and indeed of all the peoples of the free world. Something very similar is occurring in Western Germany. There, despite all the efforts of Dr. Adenauer and of the Nationalists, the polls show an overwhelming majority opposed to any form of German rearmament.

Discussing the American purchase of France's vote for the Chinese aggression resolution—the payment seems to have been arms against Ho Chi Minh—a cynic writes:

When Uno concord seems remote
Small nations must think twice,
For every member has a vote,
And every vote its price.

But not quite. India voted against that resolution though the story was somehow put about that she would thereby forfeit two million tons of wheat needed to save Indians from starvation.

* * *

What compelling argument finally changed the mind of the British Government is not at present known. We know that as late as Friday, January 26, the Cabinet had decided to vote against the American resolution and that the amendments accepted by Washington seem to make no substantial difference. The disastrous fact is that, whatever the intention of further efforts at a peaceful settlement and whatever the reassurances about caution in applying any form of sanctions, the Americans have won their way about Formosa; if China is an aggressor, MacArthur and his friends continue to hold Formosa. This does not mean that the struggle to prevent war in the Far East is at an end; it means that it must be redoubled. Labour Members are confronted with the fact that on all the three crucial points about which they were assured last autumn the Government has in fact, very reluctantly, given way. They were told that we were not going to agree to German rearmament; that we should not agree to any step that would prevent us being at peace with China; and that our rearmament would not be allowed to undermine our independence or our social system. On the last point it is clear that we cannot accept this degree of rearmament without either greatly reducing our standard of life or receiving large further aid from the United States. I hear that Washington refuses to consider the second alternative, so we are faced with either destroying our economy or only pretending that we are rearming. And no one can say just what the rearmament is for, since the threat from Russia seems not military but rather pressure to undermine the political resistance of unstable European countries. Rearmament on this scale may make us one of these unstable countries.

* * *

It is a sign of the times that people are again demanding up-to-date information in pamphlet form about foreign affairs. Are there really any vocal American Liberals? I recommend them to read *Speak Up: Now or Never*, by James Warburg, who remarks that he does not believe that war is inevitable, demands that we should seek for a settlement *while rearming*, and says that "it is not only the memory of their King Canute which makes the British see more clearly than we do that our present course leads to disaster." (This courageous pamphlet is published by *Current Affairs Press*, 25, Vanderbilt Avenue, New York.) Other people want to know more about German rearmament. I recommend two pamphlets recently issued by the Union of Democratic Control (32, Victoria Street, S.W.1). *Guns for the Germans* is a short, well-informed fourpenny pamphlet which has already sold about 20,000 copies. *Once Again?* is a shilling pamphlet giving the evidence of reviving nationalism in Germany. Another group of inquirers want up-to-date information about events in Asia. The new issue of *Asian Horizon* (3s. 6d., obtainable from 17, Irving Street, W.C.2) presents on its cover a delightfully gay Chinese revolutionary poster. Amongst other information that is scarcely obtainable elsewhere, it contains a full chronology of events in Formosa, detailed studies of nationalism in Malaya and agrarian reform in China, and a devastating account of land conditions in Pakistan, which is in itself enough to explain why Chinese Communism attracts adherents in under-developed Asia.

* * *

James Bridie was a man of droll, fantastic, caustic cast of mind; and when his grave, shrewd eyes looked over the tops of his golden glasses at one, he was the very image of what one expects an old-fashioned Scottish doctor to be like. He was remarkably free of the professional envy of successful writers; and in his attitude to the young playwrights whose manuscripts he might read when he was a member of the Atlantic Awards Committee, he was exceedingly generous. His reports, even on the most unlikely plays, were long, detailed, expert, and deeply considered; he must have given an enormous amount of time to them. If he saw a glimmer of hope in a play, he responded strongly and with practical advice. He was impatient, however, of mere competence. He had a romantic taste for outsiders. I remember one characteristic roar from him about a needy, but "impossible" writer: "I don't care. He's a genius. He may not write another book. Maybe he does want this money for women and drink, but it's about time someone gave money to genius. We give too much to respectable men."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Recently a woman was arrested in Atlantic Road, Brixton. She pleaded next day that she was waiting for a man who had arranged to explain the Korean situation to her . . . the fine was—40 shillings.—*South-West Herald.* (John Walton.)

Yesterday I did something that I have ached to do for some time—I walked into my grocer's shop and deliberately pushed over a stack of tinned crab labelled "made in Ksmchatka, Russia."—Letter in *Leicester Evening Telegraph.* (V. P. Crymble.)

The second annual conference of the Society for the Study of Fertility will be held at Girton College, Cambridge.—*Nature.* (J. C. Kendrew.)

From the funeral director's point of view, undertaking is a service industry: the raw material is supplied by the customer, processed according to the customer's order, and returned to the customer in finished form.—*Cambridge Journal.* (E. Hale.)

Ladies, start the New Year well, treat hubby to a tip-cart load of manure.—Advt. in *Harwich & Dovercourt Standard.* (Amelia Forbes.)

Cathedral choir boys at Bury St. Edmunds may not be released from school to sing at funeral services in future. West Suffolk Education Committee has ruled that funerals are not educational. —*Daily Express.* (C. Vanstone.)

Do not quarrel with an angry person but give him a soft answer. It is commanded by Holy Writ, and, furthermore, it makes him madder than anything else you could say.—*Sanderstead Church News.* (R. K. Roberts.)

Horton Green Men's Meeting. Annual Grumble Sunday. Ladies invited.—*Bradford Telegraph and Argus.* (C. Bell.)

Here is a chance to buy a bull with first-class milking records behind him.—Advert. in *Craven Herald and Pioneer.* (E. Woods.)

HE FELL AMONG GENTS

"Some members of White's Club 'thought Mr. Bevan should not have been invited to a club that prided itself on its old Tory tradition.'"—*Sunday Express*, January 28.

"They have robbed," said he, "they have seized
our ancestral rights,
Shall they sully the haunts of Conservatives
born and bred?
Shall Socialist Ministers mingle with members of
White's?
Blood for our blood," he said.

"Our Tory traditions we cherish, our glory and
pride,
Our kind will not tolerate creatures of commoner clay,
The Labour outsider should not be admitted
inside,
It's not the thing," said they.

Empurpled with fury the Tories about him
pressed.
He laughed: "If one for all may settle the
score,
Leave me to deal with our Socialist, sometime
guest,
Strictly outside the door."

He flung his overcoat down on the steps of stone;
His blue blood boiled; his Tory veins were
aglow,
He remembered the Minister's voice in a taunting tone
Calling them something low.

He did not hear the monotonous snores that fill
The Pall Mall clubs where Tories exclusively
meet;
He did not feel the piercing nocturnal chill
There in St. James's Street.

He saw his playmates crowd round with admiring
looks.
"Well done, old man! You dotted the Labour
cad!"
He felt the hearty handshakes at Boodle's and
Brook's—
"Knocked him for six, by gad!"

And now it was time. Play up, and the day is
won!
The Minister stepped outside, and sudden and
quick,
The gallant rearguard action he launched at a
run,
Planting the well-bred kick.

O valiant deed of vengeance for vulgar slights!
But rules are rules and a gentleman takes the
blame.
Cheered to the skies, tight-lipped, he went out
from White's—
Out—but he'd played the game!

SAGITTARIUS

Guns for the Germans?

I.—Generals and Journalists

Through some misfortune I arrived in Düsseldorf this time at half-past three in the morning. Too late to go to an hotel without the inner certainty of sleeping till midday, and too early to have breakfast and pretend that things might be worse, this hour would present a torment to the spirit in the best equipped of countries. In Western Germany, I thought, it will be unbearable . . . But the Germans have an admirable power of recuperation. Since my last visit the station restaurant had risen out of the ruins, and was now a furnace of fluorescent light; comfortable chairs were waiting at tables covered with clean linen tablecloths; there were two waiters in full regalia; there was even, once again, a blonde and buxom Gretchen with her tray of chocolates and her full-chinned smile. The menu was twenty expensive items long—symbol for the whole of Dr. Adenauer's Western Germany. The amenities are being restored, and life returns to normal. Returns—this is the word, of uncertain connotation, that obtrudes insistently. Even at half-past three in the morning, on Düsseldorf station.

At half-past five the night's roisterers, delaying the hour of disenchantment, began to roll in. Among them were two girls with a German boy and a Negro, who sat down at the next table. The German boy was happily tight, the girls were calculating nicely between a desperate sobriety and a desire to please, but the Negro, as far as I could see, was quite sober. The German boy made elemental love to his young woman; the Negro was exceedingly polite.

Behind me there came a murmuring. *Scheiskerle* . . . Another late arrival, labouring under a heavy load of beer, said: "It doesn't matter whether you're English or German, my dear friend. The Western peoples do not like to see their women mixing with Negroes."

"Isn't that what Hitler said?"

"Hitler's got nothing to do with it. All of us, my dear friend, all of us in the West, we stand for our civilisation. I know, because I was a soldier for six years. I was in France. Germans and French: we got on fine . . ."

And such, today, is the *leit motif* of all orthodox German propaganda and opinion—the solidarity of Germany with the West, yesterday, today and forever, but especially yesterday and today. The virtue of this universal and most popular theme, as far as one can tell, lies in its saving power to enable the Germans to see that the war on the Eastern front was not their war alone, that they fought it really for the whole of Europe, and that they were beaten only because "the others" did not understand in time, or because the Nazi leaders, but Hitler above all, would not let "the others" understand. The assault on the West was of the same sort of lunatic excess, better not remembered, as were the gas-ovens.

The sense of "solidarity with the West" is today a door opened upon the terrible awareness of world-isolation from which the Germans have suffered since defeat. Through this door the Germans are now pouring in their multitudes; and the demand for political equality, which is now the supreme condition for German rearmament, is much more than merely political. To be granted political equality is—at least for the many who in no way regret anything in the past but defeat—to be granted moral equality as well, and the right to feel themselves "as good as" the British and the French and the Americans and the rest, without having to admit within themselves—let alone to others—the mistakes and crimes which they committed, or which were committed in their unprotesting name. "The old professors who run our universities under your dispensation," a German Catholic said to me the other day, "are in no condition to inveigh against the immediate past, simply because most of them were involved in Hitlerism in one way or another. If they start denouncing the Nazi regime, what are they to say when their students turn round and ask: 'But, Herr Professor, what were *you* doing at the time?' And so these men demand that a line be drawn across the past, that the past be forgotten, be no longer discussed." The cry is not for a new life; it is for justification for the old life.

Publishing is a useful guide. While awaiting better days, the generals are scribbling hard. General Halder has published nothing since his sensational brochure *Hitler Als Feldherr*; but General Guderian has now come forward with an appropriately long description of his campaigns. There is also on sale a short biography of Guderian which is available at a third of the price, and presents him as a soldier in the grand tradition, as one of those who would certainly have won the war but for Hitler. General Speidel (who lately asked correspondents to address him as "doctor"—he graduated in philosophy—and is one of those engaged in staff talks with the Western Powers) has published *Invasion 1944*—described on the jacket as "at last the book which does justice to the soldier who had no other choice." General Heusinger, also engaged in staff talks, has published *Befehl im Widerstreit*, devoted to the familiar theme that the war was lost—in the words of Guderian's biographer—through "those rivalries within the commanding groups which went as far as betrayal, and mirrored the spiritual torment of the people." The diplomatists, too, are busy. Dirksen has published his memoirs of twenty years' diplomacy; Paul Schmidt, at one time Hitler's interpreter, has produced a tome of superbly self-assured anecdote and gossip; Kordt, Weizsaecker, and others have made their contribution.

The press, being nearer to events, is openly in pursuit of full and forthright justification. Here it is the absence of any subtlety or shame that is really sensational. Story after story is slanted to suggest that the Germans have been the victims of circumstance and not of their own errors. Many stories try to show that "the good Germans" did their best to repair the damage: *Neue Illustrierte* lately published an account of how German officers —"fighting their bitter conflict of conscience" —deliberately left intact the bridge at Remagen over the Rhine, so as to enable the Western armies to penetrate deeply into Germany before the Russians could arrive. Another favourite line is to argue that German atrocities, if they really took place, were much exaggerated—and in any case were probably no worse than Allied atrocities. *Der Stern* has complimentary pictures of the S.S. Colonel Peiper and others sentenced to death for the murder of American prisoners near Malmédy in 1945, together with a headline, on the front page, declaring that "Americans and Germans demand revision" of the sentence.

The case of the condemned men in Landsberg shows the consequences of Allied vacillation at their very worst. Having delayed execution on the grounds that these men should have the "same rights of appeal as any American citizen," the Americans have found themselves continually presented with "fresh evidence". The number of men sentenced to death has been whittled down; and the German conclusion, characteristically enough, is that the Allies, in pursuing war criminals, were always on very weak ground. On behalf of the Landsberg prisoners the Princess von Isenburg, self-appointed *Mutter der Landsberger*, has now issued a manifesto demanding an entirely new trial, "given all the irregularities in the first trial and the medieval methods of coercion with which the evidence was obtained." For a Western German today it is very easy —and very convenient—to believe that even the S.S. committed few crimes, while the regular army, of course, committed none.

The great rearmament debate goes forward in the press to the accompaniment of hosts of pictures saved from the war. *Münchener Illustrierte* has front-page pictures of Generals Förtsch, Speidel, and Heusinger in full uniform, labelled *The Candidates*: "Is there to be a new *Wehrmacht*? The world—but Germany above all—asks itself the simple question. But the first candidates for generalship are already named." The same paper has war-time pictures of former *Luftwaffe* officers. "We fighter pilots are not gasping to fly again," says the former commodore of the Schlageter fighter-group. "The political and military prerequisites for such participation aren't there yet. But once there's a real political basis, I'm ready to talk turkey".

Karl Rupprecht, former captain in the fighter-squadron Horst Wessel, points to a wall-map in the same paper and says that he will only fight again under "conditions." He wants full equality for Germany and an aim. "If the Western Powers will give us guarantees of the restoration of our territories beyond the Oder-Neisse (that is, in Poland), then straight away!" Hans Maurer, who has over 6,000 take-offs to his credit, says: "When it has to be, then I'll sell my freedom as dearly as I can: but not as a mercenary, only with full equality of rights."

In all this the German press—which on the whole has learnt nothing and forgotten every-

thing—is busy about its familiar task of telling the people what they ought to think. There are other voices raised against rearmament on any terms; and these other voices speak today, beyond any doubt, for the majority of Germans. "For the first time in history," a Social Democratic back-bencher told me, "the German people is pacifist and you push us into remilitarisation . . ." The inwardness of these press stories, working diligently for remilitarisation on the worst side of the German nature, is that they spring from the intentions of the highly nationalist Germans who are now in power, and from the intentions of the Western Allies—not from the wishes of the people at large.

Düsseldorf, January. BASIL DAVIDSON

King Cotton

THE two Manchester business men with whom I was sharing a table at the Waldorf broke off their argument, in which each had levelled against the other the most serious charge in the northern arsenal, that of lack of realism, and turned to me. Their faces bore the expression with which the Mancunian commonly regards the Londoner, an expression which says: "How can I make this point simple enough for your understanding?" At last one of them said: "You've got to realise—Lancashire folk will argue about any subject on earth, except one." I asked what was the one. In perfect unison they replied, "Japan," and returned moodily to their steak pie. It needs courage in Manchester to hold the view that Japanese competition was not the sole cause of the decline of the cotton industry. But it is true, in the same way that German tanks were not the sole cause of the fall of France. It is even truer that Japanese competition is not the only obstacle to the recovery of the industry to-day.

Many still working in cotton—for the industry has an elderly labour force—remember the great days which ended in 1914, when King Cotton set the pace for Britain's whole economy in trading acumen and thrustfulness, and when Lancashire held a near-monopoly of the world's cotton trade. Toward the close of this epoch, the industry lived increasingly on its fat, and its equipment ceased to be the world's most efficient or modern; but this went unremarked by capitalists who could easily sell whatever they produced and by workpeople who cheerfully invested their savings in the local mill. After the first World War, which starved the world of cotton, came the dizzy boom of 1920. Hindsight, in the shape of the Working Party report of 1946, was to say of this boom: "The immediate post-war scramble for goods gave the chance for high prices and profits. The profits were used, not for strengthening the industry to meet the new competitive conditions, but mainly to pay high dividends and support share gambles."

"The peace after 1918," adds this report, "meant in reality an awakening to an entirely changed world." The trading monopoly had vanished. India, the supreme market, developed her own textile industry; America and various European nations entered the market; above all, there was Japan, whose exports swelled steadily till in 1933 they surpassed those of Lancashire. Slump set in from 1921; a partial recovery was stemmed by the general depression; the bad days lasted as long as peace. In 1938, exports were the lowest since 1850, and less than a quarter of the 1913 figure. Wages, always low, were slashed, unemployment at one time reached 200,000, and poverty as bleak as any in Britain was greeted by an unmatched bewilderment, disillusion, and bitterness on the part of those who suffered it.

The recent war, though alternative employment and higher earnings brought better times to the region, speeded the decline in the cotton industry. Concentration on certain mills producing the cloth needed for uniforms, canvases, or balloons meant that many smaller mills—a third of the total—closed their doors. A sweeping call-up for the Forces and munitions scattered the labour force. In the first year of peace, neither exports nor total output reached a half of the low level of 1938. No wonder, then, that the Oldham spinner reacted with a cynicism equal to that of the Rhondda miner when he was suddenly told that the long-averted eyes of the nation were upon him, when Working Parties, Commissions, and Productivity Teams descended on Lancashire, and when he was exhorted to close the export gap and save his absent-minded country.

What sort of world does the cotton industry face to-day? It is hard to get a general picture of the market—with which any account must start before considering productive possibilities—because of the myriad types of specialised cloth, each with its own market. One merchant-converter—the name given to the firms dealing with the final stages of production—may be accumulating cloth in his warehouse and battling with a buyer's market, while another strives to produce enough for hungry customers. On balance, however, production is still too small to satisfy the market. Yet this situation may be reversed in one or two years; and this fear, reinforced by experience, leads to reluctance to embark on costly schemes of re-equipment.

What about foreign competition? The traditional enemy, Japan, is on the march again. And again the visitor gets the impression that everything from a lost contract in Borneo to the 'flu epidemic is blamed religiously on Japan. But this is a first emotional reaction; Lancashire folk are more realistic than that. Off the record they will admit, with the air of conscious bravery with which an American voices the idea that Russia has a case, that Japan has a long way to go to reach the level of 1938, and that other competitors are equally fearsome. The fact is, not that the resurgent Japanese have held their hands, but that they have been hard hit by their dependence on American raw cotton and the price increase consequent on the devaluation of the yen—harder than Lancashire has been hit by the recent steep increase in Egyptian raw cotton prices, because Lancashire's sources are various. This rise in Japanese costs has gone far to outweigh the advantage traditionally gained by "rice wages."

Japan set aside, Lancashire folk argue furiously about the importance of the other competitors. "The Indians are making the running now," says one converter. "It's the Yanks," says another. "It's the whole pack of them," says a third. He means Canada, Argentina, Switzerland, Belgium; and he points out trenchantly that the first thing a country does when it grows to manhood is to clothe its people, even before it feeds them.

The rise of India has some poetic justice—though one cannot blame Lancashire for not seeing the joke—for Indian industry is employing the same tactics with which the moguls of Manchester long ago reduced Dacca's weavers to famine. Because India is a Commonwealth country, her cotton goods have unlimited access to the British home market; but she enforces a prohibition against the import of British cotton, save sateen and umbrella-cloth. Indian competition is stiff in Burma, Malaya, and the Middle East, but Lancashire exporters can thank Dr. Malan for the cessation of trade between India and South Africa.

A semi-official pamphlet explains that, during the war, Lancashire had to "hand over the task of supplying overseas markets . . . to countries less directly involved in the war." This task, it goes on, "fell mainly on the shoulders of the United States and Brazil, and these two countries accordingly increased their exports of cotton goods very substantially during the war years. When the war ended they were naturally in a favourable position to continue the trade, while Lancashire had to face the difficult problem of reconversion; the United States in particular secured a very large share of world trade . . . rising to nearly 1,500 million square yards in 1947, compared with 359 million in 1939." In other words, the U.S. in 1947 exported twice as much as Lancashire. Since then the Americans have shown themselves more interested in their internal market; but, at the least, they have closed this market to Britain save for a few luxury lines, and have made great inroads, to which must be added the share of local industry, in the markets of Canada and Latin America.

Despite a still substantial trade to Europe and the Near East, Lancashire's market to-day is overwhelmingly an Empire affair. And, leaving aside Australia and New Zealand, it depends on the Negro peoples of Africa. It is a market that must expand as others contract if our cotton trade is to know stability. The Working Party remarked truly that "international trade will depend on the general level of prosperity in the world"; and this is nowhere truer than in the colonial world. The Lancashire exporter depends to-day on the coins in the pocket of the Ibo and the Basuto, who have replaced the Bengali and the Burman as his most important customers.

There remains the home market, for Indian and Japanese imports into Britain are a minor if humiliating factor. This market still exceeds the possibilities of production. High prices have not yet cancelled out the demand pent up during seven years of coupons. Lately—until the new rearmament programme—the Crippsian concentration on export was yielding slowly to a renewed attention to the shops of this country.

Some Lancashire capitalists have been drinking to the continuance of the Korean war. If their money came from steel or explosives one could criticise them only on ethical grounds ; but they are in a consumption industry, and their foresight too is open to grave doubt. Five years of making barrage balloons left the industry in a sad state when the balloons were hauled down in 1945. The general view in Lancashire, I think, is apprehensive of rearmament, and still more of war. Apprehensive, primarily, that what remains of the world market will be lost to countries which have the good sense to base their economies on the trades of peace—India above all—and also to Japan in the intervening phase before the full programme of rebuilding Japanese militarism goes into effect. And this time, if the world market is lost, it may be lost for ever. MERVYN JONES

(To be Concluded)

The New Yugoslavia

V. The Trend Towards Liberty

MARSHAL TITO'S is a positive personality. It was his geniality and his faith in youth that endeared him first of all to his Partisan volunteers and then to their elders ; the epic of his campaigns in the mountains explains his continued hold upon this nation. Nobody ever rose to command in the Balkans without a vein of hardness in his nature. But Tito likes to remind the world that, though he has had to put many of Stalin's followers in prison, nobody has been executed. The record of his satellite neighbours is somewhat different. The achievement that assures him a place in history was his reconciliation of the warring peoples in Yugoslavia. The pioneer who first used the Socialist idea to overcome the inherited enmities of the Balkan races was the veteran Dimitar Vlahov. He preached the ideal of Balkan federation, and perceived that the key to its realisation was the autonomy of his own country, Macedonia. But the imaginative touch, the instinctive appeal to men's emotions which brought Serbs and Croats together on the blood-soaked battlefield—these were Tito's.

The break with Russia has not altered the fact that Yugoslavia is still under the dictatorship of the Communist Party. After a revolution, so Tito argued, it could not have been governed otherwise. "Even England," he reminded us, "was a police state under Cromwell." No Centre parties existed when the war came to an end. There was a little group of Liberals and another of progressive Catholics, who had thrown in their lot with the Partisans. There are able and sympathetic personalities in their ranks, but they have neither dynamic leadership nor a mass following and are content to work with the Communists. The only other forces one need reckon are the extreme Right, which collaborated with the Axis, and the unpopular Serbian Monarchy. There are only two alternatives to the dictatorship of the Yugoslav Communists—a White Terror or a Russian conquest.

I have known Belgrade under the rule of the White Hand, a secret society of officers ; I have known it under a Fascist King, but never under a liberal democracy. The idea of a loyal Opposition has not yet been acclimatised in the Balkans. It may evolve under the present regime, but the fact must be faced that during the war and for some time after it, the Communist Party was so closely identified with the Partisans that most of the public-spirited young men joined it. There was nothing else to join if they wished to play their part in rebuilding their country. The Party has something over half a million members, and it has been shrewd enough to create a mass organisation also, the National Front, which it permeates and educates. This has between seven and eight million members, about 80 per cent. of the adult population. It includes many who are far from sharing the Party's outlook, but at the meetings which they are expected to attend they absorb some of its propaganda. To-day, while the Russians are said to be building a broad-gauge track beside the main lines that approach Yugoslavia's frontiers, no new political party could be launched. What I hope is that sooner or later distinct groups may be formed within the National Front—an independent peasants' group for instance, or a group of Socialist Catholics. Their membership of the Front would be a guarantee of their loyalty. Until such groups are allowed to run a free newspaper and to put forward their own candidates at elections, the parliaments are meaningless vestiges. The most promising line of advance, which is under consideration, may be to create parliaments of two Chambers, one occupational, the other territorial.

To my thinking it is even more urgent to reform legal procedure and establish civil liberty. The disastrous influence of Russia is to be seen above all in the omnipotent police and the domination of a political party over the course of justice. Happily the best minds in the country see clearly what is wrong. To free the Law Courts from politics is the aim which the jurists who are revising the Constitution have set before themselves. They propose that a charge must be formulated within 48 hours after arrest, and that a limit of three months be set to the preliminary examination. Access to a solicitor will be guaranteed from the start, and the prisoner may choose his own defending counsel at the charge of the State. In a Russian court the defending counsel assigned to the prisoner rather confirms than disputes his guilt. What is wrong in the legal tradition is the medieval belief that confession is the ideal form of proof. Some procedure comparable to *Habeas Corpus* should be introduced. If in time of crisis arrests must be made on suspicion, it should be under such safeguards as were provided in 18B.

During the two years that have passed since the break with Russia the political atmosphere has changed—towards freedom. In cafés frank talk is possible. Women grumble in the queues as they do in London. We heard complaints both from peasants and from the bourgeoisie. We even heard of open opposition at a ward meeting of the National Front. The creative artists have emancipated themselves, and there is now a just perceptible individuality in the comments of the once stereotyped newspapers. Small concerns like restaurants which had been nationalised are now being restored on lease to their former owners. That such changes do not mean a retreat from Socialism is proved by the handing over of the factories to the Workers' Councils. Last autumn many privileges of the upper ranks of the bureaucracy and the army were swept away—shops in which officers' families drew excessive rations, luxurious holiday resorts, the abuse of motor cars, the lavish buying of paintings for government offices. The voluntary labour expected in their leisure hours from all good citizens will now be optional, for a register will no longer be kept. In a series of biting articles ranging over two or three months some of these abuses had been exposed by a popular writer named Copic. Tito at last rebuked him for going too far, but he suffered no penalty, went on writing and did not recant. Freedom of discussion cannot be secured by paper Constitutions alone ; it must be won by pioneers who will take a risk. The right to discuss major issues of policy and the fundamentals of Marxism has yet to be gained.

The Yugoslavs have discarded much that they borrowed from Russia. Can they go on and hasten the withering away of the State in their Law Courts and in their dealings with the independent peasants? I have faith in their daring. My early memories are of a people stagnant in its backwardness and torn by racial feuds. To-day, even in Macedonia, they live with Albanians and Turks in fraternal equality. In their arts, as in the organisation of their farms and factories, they advance humanely. A great future beckons this courageous people.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

So They Say . . .

NEWSPAPER headlines on the morning after the Prime Minister's announcement of the new defence programme almost unanimously featured the Men, not the Arms. LAST OUT, FIRST BACK was the emphasis of the *News Chronicle*, *Daily Mail*, and the *Daily Express*, none of which mentioned in their headlines the proposed expenditure of £4,700 millions. The *Daily Herald*, with CALL-UP : COMPLETE GUIDE, was unsensationally instructive. *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* both gave headlines to doubled expenditure and to the 15-day limit to the call-up. The *Daily Worker*, which carried on its front page a cartoon of MacArthur in Kitchener's 1914 poster role, announced assertively that ATTLEE OBEYS U.S.

Editorially, *The Times* acclaimed the defence programme as "a signal tribute to the good sense of the Cabinet," but questioned whether the Z men called up for refresher training would "help to fill the grevious gaps in the forces ready at once for action." The *Manchester Guardian* was even more critical on the same lines: "discontented men at summer camps" would not provide "additional active divisions." The Government was "delaying an unpopular

decision." When would the Government define the reserved occupations? This question troubled the *Daily Telegraph*, which was also concerned over shortages of materials and difficulties of industrial re-deployment.

The popular papers were cautiously favourable to the Prime Minister's statement. "Many people will still cherish their queries" (*News Chronicle*); "few will question that it is right to undertake the sacrifices" (*Daily Herald*); "the people will demand action in return for the discomforts" (*Daily Mail*); "on broad lines the . . . statement commands support" (*Daily Express*). Only the *Daily Worker* struck a discordant note. "On American orders the Labour Government is dragooning the nation to fight America's anti-Soviet war for world domination."

Of all the attempts in the press to quell their readers' qualms at the prospect of being called up, that of the *Daily Express* (which has been running such cheerful headlines as DOWN AMONG THE Z MEN) must have come nearest to reassuring the Great British Public.

> Z men realised yesterday that the odds against being called up are somewhere between those against Stoke (10-1) or Chelsea (16-1) winning the Cup.

Department of Competent Prediction

Daily Mail, January 29:

> PLANS SWITCHED TO PLEASE REBELS.
>
> The Cabinet have considerably modified the original proposals for calling up Z reservists . . . because of Socialist opposition.

The Times, January 30:

> One thing is evident. Those in the Government's counsels and following who still set their faces, for a mixture of motives, against effective rearmament have not had their way.

Daily Graphic, January 29:

> FAIR WINDS BLOW DOWN PRICES OF FISH.
>
> Good news for the housewife came from the seas yesterday. Fishermen believe fish prices will drop this week. . . . Fishermen from Milford Haven to Hull have . . . put every available boat into service. . . .
>
> FISH PRICES JUMP TO PANIC LEVEL.
>
> Prices at Fleetwood fish market yesterday exceeded the panic levels of last April when controls were removed. . . . The trouble is that supplies are low. . . .

AUTOLYCUS

C.I.D. Man

IF there is a man in the Criminal Investigation Department of any police force who would prefer to be back in uniform (where all of them began), he has only to say so. His translation will be prompt; there is always a long waiting list of uniformed constables who want to be detectives, to say nothing of those who, much as they would like it, are considered so unsuitable for detective work that their names do not even get on to the list.

What brands a man as unsuitable for the C.I.D.? Height, outsize feet, policemanly bearing, political views, misconduct? Not necessarily any of these. The main defects are stodginess, lack of initiative, and unreliability; and they are still to be found in the ranks about as frequently as they always were. Stodginess in uniform is not always a bar, because some aspects of the uniform man's work—pushing doors, pulling padlocks, "watching" premises, reporting bent mudguards, not seeing stray dogs, standing and strolling interminably in time-deserts of eventlessness—could induce stodginess in an Einstein. Sometimes a stodgy man flashes out in an unusually perspicacious arrest or prosecution, is given a trial run in plain clothes, and justifies himself. Lack of intelligent initiative is less malleable, and an unintelligent plain-clothes man, anxious to avoid the bottom of the monthly list of arrests made "on own responsibility" (i.e., without magistrate's warrant or "information received") can be a menace in a civilised community and a source of premature baldness among his superior officers.

The atmosphere at the bottom of the list is unhealthy; for despite the battalions of novelists who have worked on Edgar Wallace's discovery that there were detectives at Scotland Yard, it is not the hope of promotion (which must watch for dead men's shoes) but the fear of relegation that goads men into ill-considered encroachments on the liberty of the subject. I remember one man who arrested an architect carrying a large drawing-board because he thought the astonished man might have intended it as a screen for safe-breaking operations in a shop; and another who (until he met a legal-minded victim and returned to uniform duty via the King's Bench Division) arrested as bicycle thieves all cyclists without trouser-clips. The unintelligent man in uniform, without being actually happy, can sometimes "get by," blundering from one strictly unavoidable crisis to another until his sergeants get to know that his true *métier* is washing-up; but the C.I.D. carries no passengers. Unreliability is the one fatal disqualification, because a transfer from uniform to the C.I.D. is an emancipation from strict tutelage, from the surveillance of a top-heavy hierarchy of officers and an uncomfortably observant public, to the freedom and anonymity of the spy. The man in plain clothes, being for most of the time his own boss, needs a boss's enthusiasm for the work and a boss's insistence that it be done.

Before he is given a place in the C.I.D. he will be asked why he wants it. He must be careful here. In many cases the true answer would be something like this: "I'm fed up with going to and from home in uniform. If I want to go out with my wife after a day's duty, it's no use her coming to meet me—I've got to go home and change. It's the same if I'm going on night duty: when we go to the pictures in the evening, I could have a restaurant meal with her afterwards and then go straight on. But no, I've got to go home and change. As compared with the C.I.D. man, it puts me a couple of hours to the bad." But no one ever says this. If someone did, and got into the C.I.D. in spite of it, within a few weeks he would be eating his words, newly aware that the C.I.D. man's day is too elastic to permit the confident making of off-duty appointments. As it is, the applicant professes a vocation for detective work and touches on any special aptitude he feels himself to possess.

Once admitted, his duty days may for some time be little more eventful than they were in uniform. He may—or may not—be sent on routine inquiries about missing property, about laundry marks on the clothing of unidentified bodies or derelict wanderers, about stolen cars and missing bikes and found cheque-books. In big cities he may ride expectantly in a wireless-equipped patrol car; or he may patrol his police division on foot, looking for sneak thieves and pickpockets and "suspected persons." Sooner or later he begins to find these, for they abound; the hurrying public have no conception of their frequency or identity, but the C.I.D. man is on the way to success when he has ceased to regard every passer-by and every loiterer with predatory suspicion, and has become familiar with the characteristic qualities of the street crook, chief among which are the need for a haircut and the demeanour known as "screwing in all directions."

He will begin to exercise his statutory powers (where they exist locally) to "stop, search, and detain" people he believes to be in possession of stolen property; he may do this rashly at first, but if (unlike a fair number of his predecessors) he survives the wrath of his first few innocent victims, he will learn circumspection and, with it, the unexpectedly narrow view taken in the High Court about local police powers of this kind. Above all, he will have the C.I.D. man's thrice-blessed immunity from the peril to which his uniform used to expose him—he can "see his jobs coming" and be ready for them. The uniform man, at any moment of his ambushed perambulations, may be called to a case that demands the erudition of a Blackstone and the wisdom of a Solomon; and what he then does, often without a moment's time for reflection, may set off a train of events that involves midnight oil for fifty lawyers, ends in the House of Lords, and makes legal history. By contrast the C.I.D. man (even in the wireless car) has minutes in which to alert his mind and brace himself for action.

To the relief of being in his own clothes and immune from public scrutiny is added the sweetness of a little more money. He is paid 10s. a week for the wear and tear of his clothes. He gets a further 11s. 6d. a week "detective duty allowance," another 10s. for "detective expenses," and reimbursement for any further expenses actually incurred in multiples of 2s. 6d. He needs this money—you cannot do C.I.D. work with empty pockets. Fares and "observation" drinks and tips, money for informers, unwanted meals in cafés—add these to the unrestricted opportunities for smoking and the allowances may seem barely adequate. But another sharp comparison with his uniform days is soon borne in upon him: in uniform, he got either payment for overtime or "time off" instead. In plain clothes his entitlement to these, because appointment to the C.I.D. is so widely coveted, becomes academic; there is a major tradition that the C.I.D. man does not press such claims, and a minor one that the man who does is perhaps more suitable, after all, for uniform. Sifted thus, the C.I.D. retains only the zealots, as you may judge if you happen to see them dragging ponds and digging for clues on the strength of anonymous information. The glamour of their work is in the eye of the beholder, who feels it most keenly in an armchair. Why do they do it, then? Ask a uniform man.

C. R. HEWITT

Snails and Spengler

INTERRUPTING five years of voluntary bucolic exile, I have just spent a couple of weeks in and about London. The experience has sent me back for another look at Oswald Spengler; for, obviously, the progress of *Untergang* has been great. And in nothing is this more clearly to be seen than in the way people order snails.

Before the war there was a routine for ordering snails which helped to realise the full value of this act of cosmopolitan sophistication. The snails were asked for in a loud voice, in order to attract the attention of the people at the next table. Something would be said about the amount of garlic to be used in their preparation. One's female companion, if sufficiently loyal, herself refrained from this dish with a little demonstration of horror. And the *maitre d'hotel*, with his tip in mind, placed the special tongs on the table with an ostentatious clatter.

The cachet of snails as a dish was not due to their expense, like that of caviar, but simply to the repugnance they inspired in ordinary Englishmen, so that by eating snails, as by liking the music of Honegger or by reading the Pisan Cantos, one distinguished oneself. The vulgar English revulsion from snails was as definite as it was irrational. Irrational, because the English of the working class, who would not dream of eating snails, consumed during Bank Holidays vast quantities of winkles, which are surely also gasteropods. Whereas that small class of Englishmen capable of eating snails very rarely ate winkles, and only then in a self-conscious mood of *Isn't-it-fun-to-be-democratic?*

It was, in fact, the winkle-eating class's dislike of snails which gave them social value among the winkle-abhorring class; for the snail, as food, has no social cachet in its own country. On the contrary, it is a lowly element of *cuisine bourgeoise*. In the good old days it would no more have been served in a restaurant priding itself upon its *cuisine classique*, than its English social equivalent, tripe and onions, would have been served in, say, the Berkeley. Nevertheless, English social conditions endowed the edible snail with special social attributes—differing, however, from those of the gastronomic extravagances, the mere mention of which creates an impressive upper-class atmosphere. Ronald Firbank made admirable use of this latter social phenomenon, but he did it either as an Impressionist, or as a satirist: I have never been able to make up my mind which. His "salmi of coxcombs *saignants*, with Béchamel sauce," for example, entails a hideous gastronomic solecism: but was he simply, as an Impressionist, making use of a suitable group of words to create a certain atmosphere? Or was he getting at the food snobs by inventing a *pastiche* of pretentious dishes?

It emerges from this glance at a master Impressionist, that, despite the kudos once attached to snails as food in England, they could never get into the really upper-class menu. One cannot imagine Lady Parvula de Panzoust, or even any of Mr. Evelyn Waugh's hostesses, ever serving *escargots*. To what class, then, *do* they belong? Clearly to the rather tough, cosmopolitan, detached class of men who have rejected the discipline of social loyalties and prejudices. In short, to the citizen of the latter-day Megapolis, who feels perfectly at home in London, Paris, New York and Sydney; and who would have felt equally at home in the last phase of Ur, Hellenistic Alexandria, the Rome of Caligula. And this kind of citizen is the very type of Spengler's *Decline*.

Before the war Spengler could have watched an Englishman ordering snails in a Soho restaurant without gaining the shadow of an extra argument to support the tremendous theme of his *Gestalt und Wirklichkeit*. For the Englishman, in the very consequence which his order for a dozen snails seemed to give him, as in the small ostentations of particularity by which he led up to the order, made it clear that he was doing something alien to local manners. Excused by having been corrupted by travel, he knew himself to be bowing down in a gastronomic House of Rimmon. And in this consciousness of being peculiar, the English snail-eater deprived his act of any significance for social history.

But to-day there is a shocking and sinister difference; to-day, if Spengler could observe the easy and unselfconscious indifference with which the English who find snails in the bill of fare, order and consume them, he would, without doubt, be able to strengthen the first half of *The Decline of the West* with a powerful argument, with a tremendous chapter on gastronomic cosmopolitanism, on the significance of snail-eating as a precursor of an œcumenical social order. The want of such a chapter has, indeed, always been the principal weakness of an immortal work.

I hope to go to Paris this year: I wonder whether I could get tripe and onions at the *Flore*, or the *Rotonde*?

EDWARD HYAMS

A DISCLAIMER

Our issue of January 27 contained a short story by Edward Hyams entitled "Riding to Hounds". We desire to emphasize—what we hope was plain—that the story was entirely and purely fictional and did not refer and was not intended to refer to any living person.

The Arts and Entertainment

PYGMALION

Pygmalion is one of those plays over which one can imagine that students of the future will be asked to expend a great deal of ink. Personally I have never been able to persuade myself that there is not a serious flaw at its end, though the brilliance and dazzle of the whole gloss it over, especially if we are given a superb performance from the Liza, for which the part, having been written expressly for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, provides the opportunity. Lacking this (as we lacked it among many other things at the Embassy last week) we are left to wonder too dispassionately about the fifth act. For the masterly assurance which manages the traditionally handled first three acts certainly carries over into the fourth. Those first three acts, it will be remembered, bring the story up to the point where the flower girl, trained now to speak with a stilted correctness, is tried out on the Chelsea tea party. The fourth act by-passes what the French playwrights would have regarded as the *scène à faire*, Liza's triumph at the evening reception, and Shaw builds up for giving the story his particular anti-Romantic twist.

It is six months later. Liza has triumphed at the reception. The friends have finished their experiment and are tired and bored with it. They come in yawning, and heartlessly express their boredom and weariness in front of her, as if she were nothing more than an object—the object of their experiment. Pygmalion, in fact, has not yet created a woman out of a statue; he has simply been changing one puppet (a flower girl) into another (a lady). It is Liza's resentment at being treated as an object that starts her transformation. Even an ordinary romantic

SAVE YOUR SIGHT — BY BETTER LIGHT

and at enormously reduced cost

So much lighting today seems to be installed without regard to the true objects of good lighting—comfortable vision and preservation of sight. The ideal form of illumination should be that which is GLARELESS, SHADOWLESS and EVENLY DISTRIBUTED, and since all artificial light is more or less harmful, let us use no more than is necessary for good clear vision.

G.V.D. specialise in producing this ideal form of lighting, and doing so in the most efficient, effective and economical manner, sometimes saving as much as 75-80 per cent in current, bulb renewals and maintenance costs.

Wherever we turn, we see innumerable examples of badly-designed lighting, with glare, harsh shadows and uneven distribution, which does not speak too highly for so-called "progress" and higher education, for instead of fewer people wearing spectacles, millions more are taking to them.

In future, let G.V.D. ILLUMINATORS advise you on your lighting. The G.V.D. SYSTEM is applicable to every type and size of room and building and can be applied in innumerable ways. The fitting illustrated is just one example of a simple application of the system. A fitting such as this could light a room perfectly up to about 300 square feet in area and up to about 9ft. 6in. high, at a cost of only £7.10s. and the larger size will light up to 500 or 600 square feet at the low cost of £12, enabling you to sit in perfect comfort in any corner of the room. This fitting would make a most acceptable present.

"WE STILL NEITHER USE NOR RECOMMEND FLUORESCENT LIGHTING"

The following are a few of the well-known concerns who are users of the G.V.D. LIGHTING SYSTEM:—

War Office; Ministry of Works; Air Ministry; London County Council; Civil Service National Whitley Council; National Dock Labour Board; London Chamber of Commerce; Savoy Chapel; Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd.; De Havilland Aircraft Co. Ltd.; D. Napier and Son Ltd.; Leyland Motors Ltd.; Express Dairy Co. Ltd.; Liverpool University; Magdalene College, Cambridge; Ridley Hall, Cambridge; Cheltenham College; Hereford Cathedral School; and soon, the new Birkbeck College, University of London.

G.V.D. ILLUMINATORS

29b Torrington Square, LONDON, W.C.1

Telephone . . . . MUSeum 1857

playwright, if he had got as far as the third act, might have added the fourth, but then he would have known what the romantic audience would have expected for the fifth and given it to them: Pygmalion marries Galatea. Shaw, being Shaw, must deny us that. His fifth act purports to announce to us simply the completion of his design: the statue becomes a full human being: the process is complete. Up to that point, it seems to me, the play is impeccable (except, perhaps, that some incident a little more dramatic and decisive might have been invented to mark the emergence of the human being in Liza). But Shaw's play isn't quite done with. In the closing scenes there is implicit a further announcement. The statue has become a human being, the process is complete, and (Shaw seems to add—this is what I find quite unacceptable) *what happens to her after that is of no importance at all.* In the epilogue which he added to the play, Shaw married her off to Freddie Eynsford-Hill, whom he has been at pains to show us as a mere silly ass. This surely is for the playwright to behave now exactly as Higgins behaved earlier: it is to treat Liza as an unimportant object. Only it is so much the worse, because he has taken the trouble to give her the consciousness of her own humanity. What happens to her next is not, agreed, important *to the play*, for the play is over, but the added implication that it doesn't matter *at all*, is carrying anti-sentimentality just that much too far. It is by strokes of this kind that Shaw laid himself open to the charge of heartlessness. I have always felt that Shaw here slipped over into allowing himself to become identified with his Higgins. I wonder if it strikes others that we are not, in this last act, kept at the same distance—the proper comedy distance—from Higgins, as we are in the first four?

Miss Yvonne Mitchell, who is taking the part of Liza in the present production at the Embassy is a young actress whom I have found to be gaining in power with each performace. But she is not yet up to *Pygmalion*. There is a tiger hidden in Liza; hidden in Miss Mitchell there is something too like a kitten. Some of the earlier scenes, like the scene on the sofa in the third act, she manages with great skill and charm, but her last two acts are much too tame. Indeed, at the Embassy, there is only, I am afraid, the ghost of the play. But even the ghost of *Pygmalion* is a lively enough apparition.

* * *

It has always seemed to me curious how little direct influence Shaw had on the drama of the Twenties and Thirties, which solidly pursued the line of the well-made play, almost as if he had never written. James Bridie, alone, has been claimed as a follower; and certainly his formal experiments derived from Shaw. He himself defined it that his kind of play could not have been written had it not been for Shaw, though in claiming the same for Mr. Rattigan and Mr. Priestley he was, I think, in error. But perhaps it was true of him that he never quite found the form that did exactly suit him. The architectural sense which is the strength of the well-made play was, one felt, the one technical gift lacking in a playwright particularly richly endowed with talents. He was immensely prolific, exuberant, high-spirited and inventive; ideas bubbled up in him so fast that he never seemed to have time to deal with any of them fully. But if he was somewhat un-self-critical about their various values, at least one succeeded another so fast that you weren't left long with a weak one on your hands. He would not, I imagine, have pretended to originality of thought, but he juggled with the current ideas and notions of our day in a highly theatrical and highly entertaining manner. Instead of the logic that might have turned him into a writer of discussion plays, he had a love of the fantastic which turned them towards intellectual farces. It was this fantastic streak, too, which gave the personal edge to his highly developed sense of situation. He wrote an easy, witty dialogue and very good acting parts, for he commanded a strong strain of that most essentially dramatic manner of writing, the rhetorical. In a period when the average run of plays were conventional in form and tepid in content, his twinkled out brightly and boldly. It may be that we were sometimes disappointed by the last half of a play whose beginning had entranced us, that we were stimulated rather than satisfied, but it is very sad all the same to realise that we shall never go to another new Bridie play again.

Doubtless it would take a Scotsman to appreciate him fully. His fellow countrymen will certainly have noted and appreciated the fact that he centred himself in his own Glasgow and never, like Sir James Barrie for instance, "came South." He was very generous with his time and enthusiasm to younger writers, and he firmly believed in the possibility of a lively theatre elsewhere than just in London, as members of the Glasgow Citizens Theatre will be able to testify.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"La Regle du Jeu," at the Everyman (from Monday)
"The Wanton," at the Tatler
"The Breaking Point," at Warner's
"711 Ocean Drive," at the London Pavilion

Jean Renoir (son of the painter) is one of the glories of the cinema; and there are those who consider *La Règle du Jeu* (1938) his masterpiece. I am not sure about that myself, having encountered no more than a half-dozen out of his twenty-five-odd films: familiar to the enthusiast will be *La Grande Illusion*, *La Bête Humaine*, *Partie de Campagne*. The last, my own favourite, and a perfect flowering from its Maupassant original, has something in common with the film now to be seen at the Everyman. They were made within a couple of years of one another; both start the wriggle of a tender-farcical excursion through the landscape, the commotion thrives, and vanishes. Who, having once enjoyed that Sunday-up-the-river of *Partie de Campagne*, could ever forget the rain and the waters with which the adventure ends? And who will not carry away from *La Règle du Jeu* an equally charmed memory of the shooting party? They've all arrived the afternoon before in rain (a hint of the earlier film); they set out in sunlight. Mildly under a cloud-hung sky the silver birches show their white flecks; the beaters come on knocking the trunks; rabbits scutter away to new hides, a pheasant runs; and then there's the wild race and flight into the open, where they're waiting—the General with his muff, the cocky little feminine hats, the loaders, the airman who has just flown the Atlantic, and the host who loves musical boxes and a woman too many. Some will kill with clockwork precision, others will argue claims or shrug, thinking of the night ahead. There's your house party. And into these sequences seems crammed all the beauty and sadness of late autumn.

The secret of this landscape with figures, the animation of such a scene, is peculiarly Renoir's. *Partie de Campagne* triumphs by nothing else. The week-end assembly of *La Règle du Jeu* outgrows its setting in a series of tragi-comic embroilments between people in whom luxury has fostered strange whims. They play at theatricals, they dance, they brawl and bed, preserving a sort of gross elegance. Upon their kaleidoscope—that of a French *Heartbreak House*—bursts comically the gamekeeper threatening a rival with a revolver; his grief grows real; through a misrecognition in the dark he kills the only other genuine love that has sprung up in this glass-house on the eve of war. There are wonderful passages, especially that death charade introduced by a mechanical piano striking up Saint-Saëns. The pictorial sense keeps order everywhere, and chop and change only serve to stress the inner continuity of feeling. But let me emphasise, this is a film to see more than once—presuming, that's to say, its beauty and strangeness have appealed at a first seeing. Renoir not only wrote and directed, but plays a plump part himself. A cast that could not be improved on includes Dalio, Nora Gregor, Carette and Gaston Modot.

The Wanton (Certificate "X") may sound native to the funlands of the Charing Cross Road, but in fact it is a grimly realistic piece from the director of *Une Si Jolie Petite Plage*, Yves Allegret. A fiendish little gold-digger and her jocose mother bring ruin to the meek, middle-aged owner of a riding school, and when she finally leaves go her clutch on him she gets paralysed for life in a car crash. The flashback method may irritate, and given the harsh subject, I should have liked to see its harshness made more rasping, not dipped in the melancholy of a low-keyed photography. Still, this film honestly shocks, and explores its vulgarities with a fine knife.

Two American thrillers: *The Breaking Point* is a re-make of Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not* that very handsomely improves, with John Garfield as the honest boatman fallen among thieves, on its predecessor; and in the documentary-sensational style, *711 Ocean Drive* adds the bookies' racket to all the rackets we know.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

It was an interesting and laudable experiment to link together the two main programmes on current issues in the Home Service last week. *Report to the People*, a feature, dealt with the cost of living; *Taking Stock*, a discussion between experts, considered the question, "Must prices go on rising?" And the experts were given their direction, and the listener's memory refreshed, by recorded extracts from the feature, which was played back at the beginning of the discussion. The two programmes, in other words, had been planned as a sort of short serial. So much for the idea; but what of the execution? The feature, *Report to the People*, seemed to me almost entirely bad. The script-writer, Mr. Michael Wharton, had set out to humanise through dramatisation the facts on the cost of living that Mr. Graham Hutton had dug out for him. The facts were absorbing, as they could not help being, absorbing, that is to say, so long as one could repress the irritation caused by the method of presentation, which was the staging of an imaginary committee of experts interviewing imaginary members of the public. Why have experts invented by a script-writer when, as *Taking Stock* proved, live experts are to hand? But if they are to be invented, let them at least be credible. Mr. Wharton's characters were dummies, and really rather offensive at that. They were based, his little sketches of industrialists, trade union leaders, white-collar workers and so on, on the mental stereotypes that we carry about with us and which are derived, not from first-hand observation, but from what are generally prejudiced sources. His industrialist, for instance, might have stepped out of a cartoon in the old *Daily Herald*, his trade union leader out of a vulgar equivalent of the old *Morning Post*. Surely it should be one of the aims of good radio-writing, as of any other kind of writing, to break down these stereotypes. In a programme of this kind their presence is fatal, fatal because they are bound to alienate those sections of the public they are supposed to represent. Why, as in this programme, should the white-collar civil servant automatically be presented as a figure of fun?

How refreshingly unstereotyped, by contrast, were the real experts in *Taking Stock*. They gave us an uncommonly good discussion, lively and controversial. Mr. Hutton, an excellent chairman, steered them briskly from point to point and resolutely kept the expertise down to a level comprehensible to the layman. *Taking Stock* is not always the most electrifying of programmes. This one, packed as it was both with theory and fact, was stimulating the whole time and good entertainment because of that.

It was an amusing notion for the Third to give us *A Doll's House* and *Married Alive* (Strindberg's *Comrades*) as it were side by side: a most effectively ironical juxtaposition. Strindberg, we are told,

found Ibsen's play absurd, and *Married Alive* is his ferociously comic comment on the emancipation of women as it affects marriage. And it is comic, with a gusto, ceaseless invention and an intransigence of exposure that one must go back to *Volpone* to match. Miss Mary Hope Allen's production was excellent, and the acting noteworthy. I especially liked Miss Lydia Sherwood's Bertha, Miss Judith Furse's Abel and Mr. Harcourt Williams's Ostermark. As for *A Doll's House*, once again one found oneself completely subdued to the old ogre's spell. The door slams as uncompromisingly as ever. And how good it was to hear Miss Westbury, as Nora, in a really big part at last, though I felt she rather muffled the last great scene. It is when one has the chance of hearing two such plays in one week, and Mr. Herbert Read's *Moon's Farm* beside, that one realises what a gap in one's life the absence of the third would mean. But *Moon's Farm* is far too important to be dismissed in a word and must await consideration until a later date. WILLIAM SALTER

"Young Contemporaries," at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street

In this exhibition of the work of art students from the principal schools in Britain there are 250 oil paintings and many water-colours, lithographs and drawings. The standard of technical competence is high. This mastery of the mechanics or grammar of painting has surprised some visitors but really it is only to be expected. Any student with the time to work, a minimum of talent and reasonably sound instruction can, or should, within two or three years, produce competent-looking pictures. He usually acquires this knowledge of the general principles of his art by investigating and borrowing the manners of more mature painters. In a students' exhibition, then, there will be obvious influences and there should be a high standard of workmanship. More interesting are the main attitudes behind the influences. At present there are three. First, there are the metaphysical painters. Some of their pictures, like Hamilton Fraser's "Above, Beneath and Beyond" are abstract and mathematical; others are turgid and apocalyptic. Norman Adams, for instance, wrenches a dark Resurrection out of a ruined city silhouetted against a yellow sky.

Secondly, there are the tonal painters, who work in the manner of the Euston Road School. In a sense their pictures are more remote from life than severe abstractions. It is they who have developed a new version of the doctrine of Art for Art's sake. They constantly ignore the natural human reaction, ("What a sordid wash-stand!") and work to a rigid formula. Nude, bed-knob, jug or rose, their interest is only in its tone. Lastly, there are those who, emancipated by the great discoveries of the last thirty years, are returning to the actual world for their inspiration. It is this group which displays the greatest vitality. Among them, Alfred Daniels, with his satirical picture of some religious fanatics and their placards, or with his warmly human picture of Italians playing cards, is obviously a painter of real talent, who will go on working well because he cannot help discovering things which he must say. J. B.

Mobiles by Alexander Calder, at the Lefevre

A mobile can be defined as an abstract, sculptural construction of wood, metal, wire or string which, owing to the way that the whole or the parts are suspended, moves around and in on itself at the slightest touch of hand or wind. Calder, an American, was the originator of this device. The examples now on show are made of wires with flat, cut-out shapes of painted metal attached to them at various points. When set in motion the whole contrivance revolves and the separate petals, feathers, fins, planets or whatever one cares to name them, move amongst themselves; some, fixed to antennae-like wires gyrate with a graceful, dipping movement—others, more rigidly, on a fixed course. The inter-relationship of their movements is strangely evocative. A bird riding over waves, a bough in the wind, an abstract system of semaphor.

Because these objects are quite useless and give a great deal of pleasure, they have been called works of art. I doubt whether they are. Given the originally ingenious idea there is little scope for further imagination in the making of them. They are enjoyable because they are *innocent* machines, incapable of doing harm, because they are well and efficiently made, and because—like three dimensional kaleidoscopes—the details of their movements are infinitely varied and suggestive. Bought as an investment to give lasting pleasure, their fascination, I think, would pall. In a living room they would become mechanical (in contrast to romantic) bric-a-brac. Meanwhile, they are as novelties—idiomatically, literally and poetically—the cat's whiskers! J. B.

Correspondence

UGANDA DEPORTATION

SIR,—I have just received news that Mr. Ignatius Musazi, who was President of the Uganda African Farmers' Union, was arrested when he returned to Uganda from this country last week and that he is to be deported without trial.

This action raises two important issues. The first is the existence of deportation powers in the Colonies. I think most of those who hold democratic principles will share the view that deportation without trial, particularly when it is carried out by a Government which is of a different race, is an intolerable interference with personal liberty. It is surely time that the Colonial Office withdrew this power from the hands of the Governors in the Colonies and Protectorates.

Secondly, the merits of this particular case demand consideration. The only charges made against Mr. Musazi are those contained in the Kingdon Report on the disturbances in Uganda in April, 1949. Reference is made to the fact that 10 years previously he was found guilty of forging signatures to a petition. There is no doubt that the signatures were *bona fide*, but he was alleged to have transferred them from one petition to another. This he strongly denies. In any case, the alleged offence took place 12 years ago and no one can argue that it justifies deportation today.

The second charge is that Mr. Musazi participated in the general strike in Uganda in 1945. I have examined his record during this strike and I don't think it can be doubted that his influence was exerted to prevent violence and extreme courses. He was charged with four others of conspiracy with intent to overthrow the Protectorate and Buganda Governments. He asked for a trial, but this was refused and he was deported for two years. At the end of this term he was permitted to return to Uganda, and therefore this charge cannot be regarded as a reason for his exclusion from Uganda now.

A third charge is that Mr. Musazi sent a telegram to the Governor from this country at the time of the disturbances which made unjustified accusations. I would not defend the terms of this telegram, though Mr. Musazi himself places a different interpretation on it than that given in the Kingdon Report. In any case, however, this telegram cannot be regarded as influencing events in Uganda as it was not published and only became known when, 9 months after the disturbances, it was quoted in the Kingdon Report.

The Report indicts Mr. Musazi's organisation for a share in the responsibility for the disturbances. The fact is, however, that not a single member of his Executive was arrested and there is no evidence whatsoever that the organisation had any responsibility for what occurred. Mr. Musazi himself was in England and, except for the telegram to which I have referred, nothing has been produced to show that he had any part in encouraging the disturbances.

To the above facts I wish to add that I have known Mr. Musazi closely for nearly two years and that I have learned to respect him highly. His one concern is to assist the farmers and the peasants of Uganda to organise on a co-operative basis; for this purpose he has been making a study of the co-operative movements in Britain and on the Continent. There has been some criticism because he did not return to Uganda when his organisation was banned, but he

Good Taste
"Good taste" is acquired rather than inherited. The distinctive *tang* of Euthymol may not always be appreciated at first use, but the feeling of a fresh and healthy mouth which follows quickly convinces you that here is a toothpaste of *very* good taste; one that cleans teeth properly!
Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE
from all chemists
A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

remained here at the request of the African farmers to continue his work on their behalf, and I am responsible for persuading him last summer to remain in this country until I had investigated the position in Uganda and made a report to the Colonial Secretary.

Mr. Musazi was warned last August that, if he returned to Uganda, he would be deported; and this warning was repeated recently. He therefore went back anticipating what the consequences would be, but feeling it his duty not to shrink from claiming his right to return to his native land to do the work on which he has set his heart.

I am taking the first opportunity to raise this matter in Parliament and I hope that all those who believe in democratic liberty and who are concerned about justice for the Colonial peoples will join in pressing the Government to withdraw the deportation order in this case and to end entirely the power which Colonial Governors now have to expel their subjects without trial.

House of Commons. FENNER BROCKWAY

THE DRIFT TO WAR

SIR,—The Prime Minister's speech last week at Forest Hill must be a severe blow to those who, like myself, have been struggling desperately to retain some remnants of confidence in Mr. Attlee and his Government.

Can a man who makes use of the thoughtless and misleading analogy between police action and military force have the clear and logical mind we have a right to expect in our political leaders? It is of the essence of the police system that its agents' authority should be beyond dispute, and that the law they enforce should be the law of their own State to which only the citizens of that State are subject. It should be obvious, even to the only moderately intelligent, that there can be no world police force without world government.

When, therefore, Mr. Attlee declared that the rearming of the West for defence was no more provocative than having a policeman on the beat, someone ought to have asked him whether he would consider it unprovocative if the policeman on duty in Downing Street turned out to be a Russian policeman under orders from the Soviet Union.

Again, can anyone but a bigoted partisan affirm that the military resources of Russia are a proof of aggressive intentions but that those of the Western nations are clearly only for defence? No one knows better than Mr. Attlee that the Russians keep their armies in Russia, whereas British and American troops occupy strategic positions in other countries, some of them within easy reach of the Russian frontiers.

Lastly, what are we to think of a responsible statesman who, at a time when racial prejudices and antagonisms threaten the whole world with destruction, goes out of his way to revive the mental disease of "Vansittartism" by quoting with approval a dubious estimate of the Russian character made by a Swiss philosopher nearly a hundred years ago when the conditions of life in Russia kept the great mass of the population not far above the animal level?

I am not a Communist because I am a Christian pacifist, and the two philosophies seem to me to be incompatible. But most of the anti-Communist propaganda in the press (with the honourable exception of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION) and in the public utterances of Western statesmen seems to me either unintelligent or dishonest.

St. Michael's Rectory, KENNETH RAWLINGS
Lewes, Sussex.

AMERICA AND CHINA

SIR,—The Chinese and the Americans are peoples to whom common sense and reason appeal strongly; but at the moment they are considering the international situation on different planes. In 1943 Chiang Kai-shek took the Presidential oath, "to work for the consummation of the *San Min Chu I* . . . To endeavour to recover our lost territories . . ." Lost territories included Korea and Formosa. It is true that Dr. Sun was a sick man when he gave his *San Min Chu I* lectures and that he was suffering acute irritation at what he considered (quite correctly) the reactionary and "imperialist" attitude of the Western democracies at that time; but his policy has been the policy of all political parties in China since 1925, and the Americans have given generous (if misplaced) support to Chiang Kai-shek. Dr. Sun's widow is Vice-Chairman of the Chinese Peoples' Government, and the Chinese probably feel now in a better position to carry through the *San Min Chu I* programme. If Americans would remember that, when Dr. Sun gave his lectures, the Chinese Communist party hardly existed and that for years their own government has been supporting the *San Min Chu I*, (which is so emphasised in the Presidential oath) they would be considering the matter on the same plane as do the Chinese. It is not reasonable to "declare Red China an aggressor" (as the *New York Times* puts it) in disregard of the historical development of the present situation.

Dellwood, Danbury. BERNARD MARTIN

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

SIR,—A news broadcast on January 26 (Station W.M.A.Q., Chicago) sponsored by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has explained British reluctance to condemn the Chinese on the grounds of "trading with the enemy." It was asserted that $180,000,000 worth of war material is entering China through Hong Kong each month. (Could these be Chinese dollars?) "Here we have," said the announcer, "the dollars and cents of British foreign policy."

This is clearly a gross form of mis-representation of a sort that is very likely to increase. Materials for an anti-British crusade are abundant in this country, once the American press discovers it has a popular appeal and will tend to increase circulation.

Chicago. STEPHEN FULKERSON.

TAXATION AND PROFITS

SIR,—The business world has lost no time in saying that it cannot pay more taxation. Chairmen of public companies have said so and one of the great Employers' Associations in a memorandum to the Chancellor writes, "nothing is more certain than that industry cannot possibly stand any additional taxation burden and remain prosperous and competitive in overseas markets." Probably the same could be said of any other section of the country, so heavy lies the burden of taxation upon us all. Yet someone will have to bear more, and there are some indications that industry is better able than anyone else to bear the further burden.

For example, there is a widespread belief and quite substantial indication that in many areas the local tradesmen are very prosperous, probably owing to the generous margin of profit allowed to them by the Labour Government. No facts are published but everybody says it and believes it.

Secondly, many companies have issued free bonus shares to their shareholders by capitalising reserves—about £200,000,000 having been issued since the Chancellor less than two years ago took off the prohibitive tax. If businesses can apply their reserves in this way, it would seem that their spokesmen are insincere when they press for tax relief to build up reserves for re-equipment. Surely no bonus issue would have been possible without greater profits to support the inflated capital.

Thirdly, the prospectus statements, which so often appear in the financial papers, depict a most flourishing state in British industry. Hundreds of them have been published and they show five- and ten-fold increases in profits, sometimes greater; issues of bonus shares of, in most cases, an unbelievable size; facilities in the City to turn great blocks of these bonus shares into actual cash, which has given to many business people great sums ranging from a few thousands each to hundreds of thousands, and some individuals have received over a million each, all untaxed. These statements also show the receipt of great sums in directors' remuneration and in dividend payments.

A closer study of these matters will reveal that business people can never have received such riches and rewards as they have done in the last five years and those which have been disclosed in the prospectus statements seem just fantastic. In the light of these, it seems strange that the spokesmen of industry speak as they do. This very brief survey is by no means a complete picture, relating as it does only to the matter of bonus shares and the glittering prizes disclosed in the prospectuses; for many companies are now increasing their dividend distributions and the shareholders of some companies have benefited from such things as "rights" issues. In one small company the shareholders gained as much as £200,000 from a "rights" issue. B. W. DALE

INFALLIBILITY

SIR,—I fear that in this case it is Mr. Kingsley Martin, not Mr. O'Donovan, who is being "a muddle-headed fellow." Of course no ones "strongly held opinion"—the Pope's no more than Mr. Martin's—can lay claim to infallibility. But would Mr. Martin disclaim his capacity to state, let us say, what Socialism means in words that are intelligible and accurate so far as they go? That is all that Catholics believe the Pope can do with reference to certain aspects of the Christian Revelation. Obviously, if you deny that Revelation you rule out any ones competence with respect to it; but given the premises, there is nothing especially remarkable about the conclusion. Bernard Shaw (*Preface to "Saint Joan"*) understood the matter better:

> Perhaps I had better inform my Protestant readers that the famous Dogma of Papal Infallibility is by far the most modest pretention of the kind in existence. Compared with our infallible democracies, our infallible medical councils, our infallible astronomers, our infallible judges, and our infallible parliaments, the Pope is on his knees in the dust confessing his ignorance before the throne of God, asking only that as to certain historical matters on which he has clearly more sources of information open to him than anyone else his decision shall be taken as final.

York. AELRED GRAHAM

STONE SORCERY

SIR,—I note that a Dutch clairvoyant is reported to be assisting Scotland Yard in its search for the stone of Scone. It is, of course, correct to use supernatural methods to search for an Object which both Scottish nationalists and English ecclesiastics believe to be endowed with supernatural properties. But are we using the best available supernormal powers? The people of many Pacific Islands attach as great an importance as any dean to their sacred stones. The employment of a sorcerer from Malekula to smell out the culprits would be in the same Imperial Tradition as the use of Bornean head-hunters to suppress the rebels in Malaya. It might be more successful: it could not be less so.

J. B. S. HALDANE
University College, London.

FREUD AND TELEPATHY

SIR,—In a recent notice of Volume V of Freud's *Collected Papers*, your reviewer inquires why a paper on "Psychoanalysis and Telepathy" was omitted from the volume. "Freud," he writes, "was not ashamed of his continued interest in extra-sensory phenomena"; and he goes on to suggest that his "editors lack their teacher's courage, and are ashamed of exhibiting him as other than a conventional nineteenth-century materialist."

The paper to which he alludes was never published by Freud himself, but was read (in 1921) to a small

besuchen Sie
visitez
visiten
visitate
nocevamte
The Linguists' Club
Conversation and tuition.
Continental Snack Bar, Roof Garden.
Concerts, Debates, Dances.
20 GROSVENOR PLACE LONDON SW1 • SLOane 9595

private gathering of his more intimate followers. It consisted in essence of accounts of three episodes of an apparently telepathic nature. The third of these episodes was subsequently published in full by Freud in Lecture XXX of his *New Introductory Lectures* (1932); and the other two episodes were also included in the same lecture in abbreviated versions. The editors of the German volume of Freud's posthumous works (1941) printed the fuller original version of the first two episodes, but naturally omitted the third altogether. In my judgment the difference between the longer and shorter versions of the first two episodes was not enough to justify the inclusion of the paper in Volume V of the *Collected Papers*. I was strengthened in my decision by the fact that in this very same volume of translations there is another paper (not mentioned by your reviewer) on "The Occult Significance of Dreams" (1925), which in fact contains yet another report of the second of the episodes. I may add that an allied topic had also been discussed by Freud in a published paper on "Dreams and Telepathy," written soon after the unpublished one (in 1922) and included in Volume IV of the *Collected Papers*.

In view of all this, I may perhaps be spared the necessity of probing further into the painful topics of my courage and of my attitude to nineteenth-century materialism. Incidentally, the paper will of course be included in the projected complete English edition of Freud's psychological works.

41 Gordon Square, W.C.1. JAMES STRACHEY

WORLDS IN COLLISION

SIR,—On November 11, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION carried a review of *Worlds in Collision* by J. B. S. Haldane. This review is a collection of erroneous statements which would not be possible if the reviewer had carefully read the book he reviewed.

Haldane states: "Velikovsky's index does not refer to Kugler, or Fotheringham . . . greatest authorities on ancient chronology and astronomy" and concludes that Velikovsky "did not read" them. *Worlds in Collision* contains two pages of quotations from Fotheringham on the Babylonian Tablets of Venus (pages 195, 196, 197 of the British edition of *Worlds in Collision*); these texts, by the way, give the figures of Venus' movement *as a comet*. And Kugler is quoted on pages 196, 254, 258, 264, 293, 302, 303, 304, 328, 329, 332, 333, 334. The index happened not to contain bibliographical material.

Haldane says: "The statement that . . . 'the absorption lines of argon and neon have not yet been investigated,' . . . [was] intended to warn off chemists and physicists." My source is Professor Walter S. Adams (Director of Mount Wilson Observatory), the foremost authority on the spectra of stars, who wrote to me on October 1, 1946: "There is very little prospect of being able to detect absorption lines of argon and neon in the atmosphere of planets. The line-spectra of these gases are well known but, so far as I know, their band spectra [lines of absorption] have never been studied."

Haldane writes: "The author puts down the erratic blocks usually attributed to ice transport to the great floods caused by planetary encounters. It is remarkable, to say the least of it, that in England, these 'floods' which carried granite from Shap Fell to the Yorkshire coast, completely spared the site of London." The unsurpassed authority on the geology of London and of the Thames, Sir Joseph Prestwich (Professor of Geology at Oxford from 1874 to 1888) attributed the subsoil of London to a tremendous sweep of water.

Haldane writes: "I conclude that the book is fiction, and I think that its author has deliberately left several clues to this effect. On page 345 he states that 'Among the planets Mars exceeds even Jupiter in brightness.' It can do so [he proceeded], as a cat can be larger than a dog; but it very seldom does. I conjecture that this . . . [was] inserted to warn the readers . . . not to take a very efficient hoax too seriously."

Now what is on page 345? "When Mars and the earth are on different sides of the sun, the distance between them rises to over 200,000,000 miles and may reach 248,600,000 miles From this moment on, as the distance between these planets diminishes, Mars nightly grows more and more luminous, changing from an inconspicuous point of light to a most brilliant star, . . . During a period of little more than a year, it grows fifty-five times brighter. Among the planets it exceeds *then* even Jupiter in brilliance."

The Reviewer left the word "then" out of the passage he put in quotation marks. Once every two years, Mars *is* brighter than Jupiter, but the Reviewer made it appear as though, according to *Worlds in Collision*, Mars is permanently brighter than Jupiter, or that every cat is larger than every dog.

Not only was the sentence changed, but the public was assured that the author included it in his book in order to give some secret sign to the initiated not to take *Worlds in Collision* seriously.

New York. IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY

[Professor Haldane replies: "Paper shortage forbids a full answer to Dr. Velikovsky. I can only sketch one. 1. In an index which 'happened not to contain bibliographical material' it is curious to find references to the Book of the Dead, the Iliad, the Almagest, the Rig Veda, and the Guide for the Perplexed, along with 9 references to Plato, 13 to Pliny, and as many to Plutarch. In the notes now cited no mention is made of those works of Fotheringham which are most damaging to Velikovsky's theory.

2. When neon or argon is hot enough or electrically excited, each gives off light of certain frequencies, and absorbs light of the same frequencies when a stronger light shines through it. This absorption has been investigated on a vast scale. You can observe it in any London tube train with a pocket spedroscope.

3. The subsoil of London was certainly deposited by water. But there is massive evidence that no appreciable amount of it was formed in the last 3,000 years; and this is the point at issue.

4. I am sorry some dots dropped out of my citation. But Dr. Velikovsky happens, in my opinion, to be wrong. He says that 'once every two years Mars is brighter than Jupiter.' I hold that it was much dimmer at its opposition of 1950, and will still be so in 1952, though it will be much brighter in 1956. This at least is a matter which readers can test for themselves."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

CZECH DEMOCRACY

SIR,—Your reviewer of my book, *The Break-up of Czech Democracy*, writes (in your issue of January 20): "Mr. Friedman practically reaches the point of arguing that only the Roman Church is capable of resisting Communism effectively. He then realises that this is not good doctrine for a liberal British public and draws back." This statement is misleading in several respects. (1) Nowhere in my book have I expressed this opinion. (2) I did not at all "argue" on this point, but merely recorded the historical fact that the Church leaders resisted the Czechoslovak Communists (in 1949) whereas the democratic leaders did not; that they had faith and international backing, whereas the democrats had neither. From this, it does not follow that such behaviour will be repeated elsewhere, or that "only" the Roman Church is capable of resisting Communism—and (3) of resisting it "effectively." On the contrary, my historical account ends with the prediction that the Communists will finally be able "to silence all Catholic priests" (p. 149). (4) Not having expounded what your reviewer imputes to me, I could not, and did not, "draw back."

Equally misleading are other passages in which he states that I have "run away" and have not asked the very questions that are asked and answered in my book implicitly and explicitly. Implicitly, for I analyse the psychological and political causes of Dr. Benes' illusions. Explicitly, for the whole concluding chapter on "The Lessons for the World" deals with the problem of democratic leadership against Communism. OTTO FRIEDMAN

JOLIOT-CURIE

SIR,—With reference to Mr. William Whitebait's review of the French film *Life Begins Tomorrow*, in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Saturday, January 20, we feel it is essential to point out that the whole of the Joliot-Curie sequence was cut from the film original version as shown to French audiences. To stress this fact was in our opinion a more important point than stooping to such low criticism as alluding to Picasso's "massive masculinity" on the beach. This progressive film deserved a better treatment.

TWO FRENCH READERS

Study at Home for a DEGREE!

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without "going into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three examinations. Wherever you are, you can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall courses have enabled hundreds of men and women to obtain Degrees and thereby raise their status and their salaries. **PROSPECTUS** from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH 85,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

FAU INTERNATIONAL SERVICE

STEEP • PETERSFIELD • HANTS

MEMBERSHIP	is open to young pacifists who are prepared to serve with the organization for two years
ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP	is offered to young men from other countries, pacifists or not, who are interested to serve for about six months
WORK	in Britain or overseas is constructive and of national and international significance, is varied and often hard
ALLOWANCES	for pocket money, clothing and leave travel are given and small compassionate allowances are available in case of need
MAINTENANCE	and medical care at home or overseas are provided and fares paid
APPLY	to the General Secretary

SELLING JEWELLERY?

HAYES the famous Hatton Garden jewellers offer the following RECORD PRICES

£5-£75, Cultured Pearl Necklaces.
£10-£100, Gold Cigarette Cases.
£15-£75, Solid Silver Tea Sets and Trays.
£15-£250, Diamond Watches and Eternity Rings.
£5-£35, Gold Pocket Watches and Chains.
£3-£25, Solid Silver Sports Cups and Trophies.
£15-£20 for £5 Gold Pieces.

Up to £5,000 for Diamond and Precious Stone Rings, Brooches, Bracelets and Ear-rings, etc.

VALUATIONS BY QUALIFIED EXPERT
(Fellow Gemmological Association)

Register your Parcels (cash or offer per return) or call at

M. HAYES & SONS, LTD.
104 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON E.C.1
HOLborn 8177

Only invest your savings **if** . . .

. . . you know they will be safe. That's why it's wise to invest at 2½% *tax paid* with Isle of Thanet Building Society. Your investment will be safeguarded by over £7,500,000 assets and over 100 years successful business experience. You can invest £1, £100 or as much as £5,000.

ISLE of THANET
BUILDING SOCIETY
HEAD OFFICE: RAMSGATE
London Office: 99 Baker Street, W.1
'Phone: WELbeck 0028

Books in General

Of all the great Russians Pushkin is the least known to English readers. Or perhaps it would be truer to say that he is known but not deeply felt and that we are at a respectful loss when we are told of his pre-eminence in Russian literature. Admitting our ignorance, we are left with the discomforting suspicion that something may be seriously wrong with our attachment to the Russian writers we *do* admire. Our failure is not due to lack of biographies of Pushkin. His wretched relationship with two Tsars and the tragic intrigue which led to the duel that killed him are well known. His prose writings like *The Queen of Spades* and *The Captain's Daughter* have been familiar to English readers for a couple of generations and there is an enjoyable translation of *Eugeny Onegin* by Oliver Elton. What obviously stands in our way is the old impossibility of translating poetry and, though writers as scholarly and sensitive as Maurice Baring and C. M. Bowra have given us translations, we are still left with a skeletal poetry that has lost some of the indispensable verbal blood, the play of vowel upon vowel, the mysterious call of association or disclaimer between word and word. These we can never have, though Elton's *Onegin* has the authentic champagne fizz, and I have read a translation of *The Bronze Horseman* in which the metal hooves of Peter the Great's statue did seem to strike upon my nerves and shock my mind with the ring of autocracy, as if I had had my head knocked against a wall. The strong poems, too, like *Down in the Siberian Mine*, the most resolute poem on political liberty ever written by a Russian, come through with a sullen resonance that one imagines to be native. Action and anger are always translatable.

Still, the failure of contact is there and M. Henri Troyat, a French biographer of Russian origin who has already done a very clear if no more than straightforward book on Dostoievsky, has a suggestive comment to make. I take it from the long, two-volume French edition of his *Pouchkine* (Paris: Albert Michel) because the English edition comes to us shortened from America. It is time to protest against an unhappily growing practice in contemporary publishing which, in this case, offers to English readers an American edition of a French author, cut for American tastes and demands, and not for our own. If we have to have European literature by way of America, let us at least have it in European form. A large amount of literary exposition of Pushkin's text, besides other passages cut at random, has been taken out of M. Troyat's book,* no doubt to reduce the cost of a thorough book and enhance its picturesqueness. This is damaging to a good biography which aimed to do more than tell a racy life-story. The affront of an edition of Boswell over-explained for the needs of the American reader, is followed by a Pushkin that, in nervous obedience to popular taste, is not explained enough.

I do not want to put the reader off M. Troyat's book, which is full of life and seriousness. He has made the suggestion that after Pushkin there was a loss of sanity, masculinity and joy, a loss of the positive love of life in Russian literature. In narrations like Tolstoy's early military stories, in pages of Aksakov's memoirs of his childhood, in Gogol's rhetorical *Taras Bulba*, in the Arcadian interval of Oblomov's memorable dream and in the short laughing, thunder-flashes of some of Gorki's tales, there are instants of this classical sanity, but they are soon closed by the gloom of Russian ideology and realism. Pushkin was more like a man of the Renaissance than of the 19th century; he was various, educated and yet a force of nature. Because he was brought up on the French eighteenth-century writers and has the classical manner which does not yield its full meaning and richness, nor show its close intellectual texture, at the first glance, Pushkin has been thought not sufficiently exotic, morbid and Russian by the French reader; just as English readers of *Onegin* have been both prepared for it and spoiled by *Don Juan*. There is nothing strange, single and obsessive in Pushkin's mind. M. Troyat says: "He is neither mystical, prophetic, revolutionary, vague or 'deep.' He lives in a complete rational universe. His lyrical spirit is human. His aims are measured."

> On the eve of Gogol's sardonic realism, of Turgenev's artistic nihilism, of Tolstoy's hatred of civilisation, of Dostoievsky's mystic torments, just before this darkness and suffering come Pushkin and his amazing gaiety. . . . To be a man of one point of view only would have meant forgoing the intoxication of knowing everything and feeling everything.

And one must put beside this Pushkin's own reply to the mannered critics in Russia who disliked his work—indeed, Pushkin is an example of the rare writer whose genius is better understood by the intuition of the unlettered and who is, so to speak, raised to eminence from below in the face of hostile cliques. Pushkin wrote in 1824, when he was young, that inspiration is confused with enthusiasm:

> Inspiration is the ability of the mind to seize impressions quickly and to understand ideas perfectly. Inspiration is as necessary in geometry as it is in poetry. Enthusiasm precludes tranquillity which is indispensable to artistic creation. Enthusiasm does not imply that it is the task of reason to distribute different parts in the interest of the whole. Enthusiasm is ephemeral, discontinuous and therefore incapable of producing a work that is truly great and perfect.

That is the doctrine of the classical artist: a dead theology, unless it is animated, as it was in Pushkin, by totally new discoveries of language and life, unless it becomes molten, shapely and humane.

It is, I hope, not superstitious to think that Pushkin's "difference," the astonishing, clear, warm serenity that lies in the centre of his turbulent, whirling and distracted life, owes something to his African blood. He had lived, by ancestral proxy, in the sun. His continuous debauches, his drinking, his gambling, his fighting, his enormous number of love affairs, taken sometimes two or three at a time, do not strike one as being the cagey and melodramatic efforts of the traditional Great Sinner in Russia; indeed, one of Pushkin's most vigorous displays is a lascivious poem about the Virgin and the Archangel Gabriel. Pushkin's classical manner (I mean in his maturity) has what is indispensable to classical art: an underlying power of primitive feeling and conception. The remorse of Pushkin and his repentances are rather the gestures of a full, naive, tempestuous man who is, if anything, naively hurt at not being taken seriously by serious people, and who will eat humble pie in bewilderment for a while until his enemies calm down. He was often jaded, sometimes exhausted, and then his resource was a kind of childishness; and there seems to be far less relation between his love affairs and his verse than one would expect. He went through a kind of belated re-marriage to his genius: he wrote best in periods of enforced calm, and especially when he was in contact with a woman like his old nurse, who was a repository of Russian tales and a mistress of the use of simple language. His periods of exile took him into the invigorating, primeval field of the Russian life that was submerged and, in this experience, a true if more modest successor was Leskov, who also knew Russia and who is free of the disheartened, tendentious and guilty towniness of other nineteenth-century writers.

The personal story of Pushkin was summed up by the authorities in the phrase "bad son, bad parent, bad citizen." It is all the same doubtful whether a regime less sadistic, dry, meddlesome, trivial or dull than the traditional Russian autocracy, would have contained his genius. Nicholas I simply played at baiting the bear. Pushkin's redemption as a violent and insolent character was his chivalry and generosity. "I have burned all my poems," he told the chief of police, "but I have them here." And he tapped his forehead and willingly wrote them all down in the official's office. Another tortured Russian confession? No, the naive fullness of the human being. All the same, in *The Bronze Horseman* there is a rebel's recognition of the need of hard authority. The disgrace of the regime was that, to such a boundless love of liberty as Pushkin's, to a sanity that was the result of extreme needs and actions, the answer was always petty. He never escaped from the indiscretions of his youth. He was the "free" prisoner of the Tsar and the court. The tale of Pushkin's marriage—at first one of the calm, productive periods of his life, even though by a dreary irony, he had married a cold, philandering and shallow girl—and of the duel is a subject for a novel and M. Troyat has written an excellent account of it. His narrative brings in three unpublished letters which heighten the intrigue. For a man of Pushkin's tender but proud and violent temperament, who had fought many duels on all kinds of real and imaginary provocations, the first patching up of the affair of the Frenchman (who was to kill him) and his wife, was in itself a provocation. Bent on his own destruction, Pushkin no doubt was; yet there are unmistakable elements of desperation and martyr-

* *Pushkin: His Life and Times.* By Henri Troyat. Translated by Rondolph T. Weaver. *Gollancz.* 21s.

dom in his blind seeking of the second challenge. His violent letter to the Dutch Ambassador, the father of his opponent, is worth quoting as an example of exhaustive insult. After politely taunting the Baron with the ridiculous figure his adopted son has cut since the "reconciliation" it goes on:

> I am obliged to confess, Baron, that your role has not been at all seemly. You, the representative of a crowned head, have acted as pimp to your son. You went, like an obscene old woman to spy on my wife everywhere, and tell her of your bastard son's love or pseudo-love. And when ill with syphilis, he had to remain at home, you went about saying he was dying of his love for her. Give me back my son, you babbled.

The "son" was not, in fact, a coward. The Baron's emotions for the boy he had adopted were themselves ambiguous and his motives in the intrigue were complex. He liked a deep game. The Tsar himself was peculiarly devoted to Pushkin's wife and the police, instead of stopping the duel, took a political gamble. With a calculated negligence Pushkin was left to destroy himself.

The authorities who had taken the death so coolly were frightened when thousands of people stood mourning outside Pushkin's house. The "old pimp" reported accurately when he wrote of the feeling raised by the death.

> The sentiments I mention here are those of the commoners, if in Russia one can apply that name to the class between the high nobility and the mass of the population, entirely alien to an event which it is not capable of evaluating. It is the men of letters, the artists, the minor civil employees, and those in high financial spheres etc. to whom I refer. M. Pushkin's death has brought to light, at least so the authorities seem to believe, the existence of a party of which he was the leader, perhaps by virtue of the influence of his eminently Russian talent.

To write the life of this founder who gave Russia forms for its voice, is the most difficult task. The material is immense, yet Mr. Troyat has managed to give to all the innumerable personages the appropriate touch of significance, and to turn a sea of people and places into something clear and comprehensible. And his handling of the main crises is clear-headed and very able.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A VIEW FROM SINODUN

In the Thames valley I lay with my love,
A bar-room beneath us, a blanket above.
The bombs fell in London, but we did not hear,
The bombs were so distant, our kisses so near.

Next morning they told us that London was burned,
Our summer was over, we wept and returned.
At night we lay parted and trembled till day,
And in the midwinter my love stayed away.

My love stayed away, and the enemy came,
And London was 'planes and disaster and flame.
The look of the loveless came back to my head,
The reeds and the river grew cold as our bed.

In the Thames valley I slept with my love,
I had no invitation, my arms were enough.
I climbed Sinodun and I looked towards home,
And saw all the future, and now it has come.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

J. M. KEYNES

John Maynard Keynes. By R. F. HARROD. *Macmillan.* 25*s.*

The mind of Maynard Keynes was an extraordinary instrument, powerful, subtle, swift and penetrating. It was silly to try to argue with it; you could only change his conclusion by offering a new premise. He could—and did—do most things better than almost anyone else. He decided to make money after he had discovered that he was not likely to be a great philosopher in the sense, say, that Hume was great. So he was content with his important book on *Probability*; and, as a side-line based on half an hour's study of the markets in bed every morning, he made a fortune of half a million pounds. (At one point, Mr. Harrod reveals in an interesting passage that he lost all he had and got out of a serious hole by using all the profits, past and prospective, of the *Economic Consequences of the Peace*.) He began by being a mathematician but discovered, as I remember him telling me, that there were high regions of abstraction in which the minds, say, of Bertrand Russell or Einstein could soar, but his own mind moved only with difficulty. So he turned to economics where, he said, he never encountered five minutes' difficulty. In 1905 he wrote to his close friend, Lytton Strachey:

> I find economics increasingly satisfactory and I think I am rather good at it. I want to manage a railway or organise a Trust. . . . It is so easy and fascinating to master the principles of these things.

Mr. Harrod has a useful and painstaking passage about the alleged inconsistency of Maynard Keynes. He reached very rapid conclusions and quickly revised them. He was prone to dismiss people at a first meeting as fools, often because he did not realise the paralysing effect of his own personality upon them. He would generously change his view later on. It is also true that Keynes enjoyed shocking the conventional and, as Sir Eyre Crowe pointed out in an extremely interesting memorandum about Keynes at the Treasury during the first world war, he puzzled people by arguing for argument's sake. In short, much of his inconsistency was nothing of the sort; it was merely the mental gymnastics proper to a King's don. Mr. Harrod is also right in saying that people misunderstood the readiness of Keynes, the economist, to accept alternative, inferior remedies when the door was barred against the best. In the crisis of 1931, Keynes suggested a whole series of remedies, including, finally, his "revenue tariff," which Professor Robbins thought morally wicked as well as economically foolish. Keynes, also a Liberal, had no such scruples: he was willing to try any workable expedient. It was this apparent lack of principle and readiness to argue any case that led to the saying at that time that where "six economists met together there were seven opinions, two of them Keynes's."

In matters of politics Keynes was not so much inconsistent as changeable. Facts changed and he re-arranged his views—a reasonable procedure which only seemed inconsistent because he phrased both his objurgations and repentances in such stirring and memorable language. His political judgment was usually over-optimistic. I may quote, as an example, a passage in this biography where Mr. Harrod is much less than fair to this journal. He refers to part of a long controversy in the *N.S. & N.* in which Keynes defended Mr. Baldwin and attacked us for various crimes, such as demanding that Britain should stand up to Hitler without rearming. He summarises the argument of Keynes without referring to the replies which were printed side-by-side with the attack. In fact, the main point was whether rearmament and war might not both be avoided if the League held together against the Fascist Powers, and in this, I think, we were right. Keynes, as it happened, later contributed a further article upholding collective security with all the vigour and brilliance he had brought to its demolition. Indeed, he wrote of "collective security" as if the idea were a new one that had just occurred to him. Mr. Harrod, after summarising Keynes's attack and omitting to refer to our reply, fails to mention Maynard's rather notable change of mind.

One of the most revealing documents quoted by Mr. Harrod is a letter by Keynes to Professor Hayek. Here we see exactly how Keynes won—in such matters unfairly—a reputation for inconsistency. Everything depended on the plane of his thought at the time. Philosophically he might be in agreement with a theory whose immediate application he thought disastrous. Thus, no one was ever more vehement in denouncing the *laissez-faire* school of which Hayek is a leading exponent. Planning was the essence of Keynes's economic doctrine; yet *The Road to Serfdom*, which he describes in a letter to Hayek as a "grand book," is an unmeasured onslaught on planning of all kinds. The explanation is simple and instructive. Keynes wrote to Hayek (June, 1944) that though "moderate planning will be safe if those carrying it out are rightly orientated in their own minds and hearts to the moral issue," there is an "important section" (he specifically mentions this journal) "who cannot safely oppose moderate planning," but are "really hoping in their hearts that it will not succeed; and so prejudice more violent action."

If Keynes had written "expecting" instead of "hoping" I should have accepted his judgment as broadly just. The passage will excellently illustrate the trend of his thought in recent years. He disliked the whole idea of equality and had no ethical quarrel with capitalism; he merely thought most capitalists inefficient and muddle-headed. He feared above all a proletarian upheaval and was singularly unaware of historical and social forces. He treated social and economic problems as if their factors were static and measurable symbols; he tried always to be a detached observer, solving problems in which he was himself, in fact, as deeply engaged as the rest of us. His object as an economist was to rescue capitalism from itself, and his influence, in America especially, was immense. But he could write appreciatively of the *Road to Serfdom* because he feared that Hayek, like the Socialists he attacked, might be right in doubting the success of moderate planning and he was angry with those who held that, in that case, a more wholehearted Socialism would be preferable to an effort to revert to a no longer possible capitalism.

Mr. Harrod has written a long and very readable book on an immense and varied subject. His comments on the early Bloomsbury and the Apostles are seldom happy: he underestimates the difficulty of any one who did not belong to that charmed circle describing and commenting on its character. The best picture of Keynes as a human being in this book is contained in the account by Mr. Hugh Dumford of Keynes as a Don, which Mr. Harrod quotes from the King's Memorial brochure on Keynes. We learn most from the documents. I am particularly grateful for the reproduction of Maynard's letter describing his almost religious conversion after studying G. E. Moore's *Principia Ethica*. As a professional economist, Mr. Harrod writes with an enviable ease of the Master's teaching and influence. One feels that he was most at home in writing the final chapters dealing with Maynard's work in the second world war, his part at Bretton Woods and in procuring the American loan to Britain. Indeed, he seems to see Maynard Keynes as a brilliant young man straying into various by-paths in youth and reaching the summit of supreme achievement before his premature death. This is one way of looking at the story. Others will rate the splendid thinker more highly than the accomplished official. In truth, there are several more books to be written on one of the most lovable and influential figures of our age. This is, after all, the official biography. As a close friend of Keynes said to me: "This is the biography of Lord Keynes, someone else must write the life of Maynard."

KINGSLEY MARTIN

THE FIRST COUNTER-ATTACK

The Western World and Japan. By G. B. SANSOM. *Cresset Press.* 42*s.*

Imperialism may have sunk to be one of those filthy habits impossible to avow, and of which only your enemies are guilty; the fact remains that times of European health have always coincided with European expansions into Asia; when Europe is sick, one of the first symptoms is a retreat into our own continent. The Asiatic campaigns of an Alexander or a Trajan lead in time to a reliance of the Alexandrian and Roman worlds upon Eastern luxuries. In the Dark Ages, Spain and Sicily are lost to Europe. Aristotle or Hiero are only known through Arabic texts, the lack of Eastern condiments has rendered the cook's task bleak and thankless.

The impact upon medieval Europe of even such an anæmic Orient as the Crusaders found in Asia Minor was overwhelming; and the Renaissance, as her Venetian painters never cease to remind us, was as much the rediscovery of Asia as of Rome. A hundred spices, forgotten since Petronius' day, suddenly enlivened our tables; the East yielded new colours to the painter, muslins to the flirt, visions of ambergris or orient pearl to the poet's stock-in-trade. Marco Polo became a best seller, tea a national habit, wallpaper a commonplace; in the last stage, Eastern mysticism is a comfort to West Kensington, and revenues from Asia account—or at least accounted until 1939—for a large part of our national income. Now, in 1951, it would not be entirely fanciful to regard the antagonism of Marxist-Leninism as the climax of Asia's counter-attacks against Europe, which began with the emergence of modern Japan a century ago. And even if we survive the Marxist danger, the history of the next few hundred years may well be the efforts of a devitalised Europe to survive without the fillip of Asia.

As Sir George Sansom rightly insists in the earlier part of his fascinating if slightly formidable study, Asia, at any rate until recently, has never felt such a need of Europe. Even in Roman times our thirst for Oriental products, and Asia's comparative indifference to our own, provoked an unfavourable trade balance which may have helped the economic decline of the Roman Empire; while it is, of course, now generally accepted that the East India Company took to importing opium into China largely because they could find little else which the Chinese would accept against our vast purchases of tea, silk and porcelain. From Periclean times the embodiment of Europe has been the city-state, the bustling polity that carries a population far too large for its territory, and which must, therefore, trade abroad or starve. Asia, on the other hand, preserved, at any rate until a few generations ago, a general pattern of complacent agricultural societies, distrustful of innovation, and incurious about the outside world. It is significant that wherever an Asiatic civilisation has begun to show an interest in Western ways, the object of first study has almost invariably been armaments—in other words, the means of keeping Europeans out. This is not, of course, to suggest, as many an Indian propagandist would persuade us, that the European intruders of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries surprised and destroyed a gentle, pacifist Elysium. They entered a world quite as violent and cruel as their own. Had Asia not possessed an incomparably greater variety of climate, vegetation and minerals than did Europe, had she in short been in need of our products, there is little to show that her traders and imperialists would have proved less ruthless than ours.

Here, however, we venture into a world of speculation, whereas Sir George Sansom, in the second and more particular part of his book, is concerned with the actual facts of Japan's contacts with the West from about the time of the first Tokugawa shogun through the period of Seclusion and the reopening of the country in 1853, to the war with China in 1894.

It is an apparent historical paradox that Japan, which alone of Asiatic countries for more than two centuries denied herself all ordinary intercourse with the West, should have been the first Asiatic state to become a "Great Power" in the Western sense of the term. But Sir George Sansom reminds us that before the Period of Exclusion the Japanese mind was by no means closed to foreign ideas. It is his belief indeed that the Tokugawa shogunate closed the country to the outside world less from fear of foreign invasion than of civil war. The shogunate was, of course, in essence a hereditary military dictatorship which ruled the country in the name of a helpless civilian Emperor at Kyoto. The office had almost always been disputed between great semi-independent military vassals; the Tokugawa had only with difficulty emerged as supreme among these vassals, or *daimyo*; and in Sir George Sansom's view, at the time of the Edict of Exclusion, they feared a combination against them by the go-ahead Satsuma and Choshu of the West, aided by occidental arms. It was precisely this combination which was to overthrow the Tokugawa shogunate and lead to the Imperial Restoration in 1868.

Essential, however, to the policy of exclusion was the ability to exclude. Yet the feudalistic military system of the exclusion period was not only ill-equipped technically to defy the West, but it also suffered from the usual decay, the usual challenge of a rising *bourgeoisie*. Nevertheless, as this book clearly brings out, the opening of Japan and the overthrow of the shogunate, though in appearance a victory for the civil spirit, was in a large measure the defeat of one military clan and the partition of political power among two others. Choshu and Satsuma dominate the political scene at least until the end of the period with which Sir George Sansom deals; the old *samurai* contempt for the civilian world subsequently frees the armed forces from Cabinet control; as in the darkest days of the shogunate, or perhaps to an even more audacious degree, the ruling Japanese clique of whom Sir George Sansom takes leave in 1894, were using the prestige of the Emperor to turn all opposition into treason. This process we know continued at least until Pearl Harbour; and at first thought, one wonders how the Japanese are ever to be educated to a sense of democracy with its checks and balances, so long as the ruling party can play the Imperial trump. Yet a race like the Japanese in whom obedience has become so profound an instinct, and who are subject to such unexpected bursts of hysteria, might well become more of a danger to us without their Emperor than they are already with him.

Perhaps the most lively parts of Sir George Sansom's book are those concerned with the cultural impact of the West upon Japan. I particularly enjoyed the Nihilist poem, entitled *Dynamite*, which must date, I suppose, from the middle Eighties:

> Increase the national wealth!
> Increase the people's happiness!
> Nourish the people's strength!
> If this is not done, then
> Dynamite, BANG!

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

THE HOGARTH PRESS

THE HIDDEN FAIRING

N. BRYSSON MORRISON

A superbly told story with a Scottish background. 'Far too good to be missed.' C. P. Snow *Sunday Times*

Recommended by the Book Society

9*s.* 6*d.*

New impression now ready

NEAPOLITAN GOLD

GIUSEPPE MAROTTA

'Pure gold' *Desmond MacCarthy*

8*s.* 6*d.*

FROM THE DARK SHOPS

The New Italian Writers. Edited by MARGUERITE CAETANI. *Lehmann.* 15*s.*

The New Italian Writers is an anthology of stories and poems selected from the pages of *Botteghe Oscure* by the director of that review, Marguerite Caetani. For readers who have not come across it, I should explain that the review has been appearing bi-annually for the last three years. It is published in Rome, and takes its name from the street which is dominated by the Palazzo Caetani. Incidentally, as the headquarters of Rome's Communist party and the administrative offices of the Italian Radio organisation are also situated in this Street of the Dark Shops, the name has amused quite a number of Italians, and must have puzzled a far greater number of foreigners. For *Botteghe Oscure* is not simply one more of the many Italian literary reviews that have appeared since the liberation; it prints, in their original languages, creative work by the outstanding writers of France, Britain and the U.S.A. as well as of Italy. It publishes only creative writing, no criticism, no reviews; and although in its six issues a number of internationally famous names have appeared—Paul Valéry, Ignazio Silone, Edith Sitwell, E. E. Cummings, to name a distinguished quartet—the majority of its contributors are writers who are esteemed in their own countries but who have yet to gain recognition from foreign readers. It is a genuinely international miscellany, and is distributed in London, Paris, Lausanne, and several American cities.

In compiling this anthology, the editor has deliberately chosen "new" Italian writers. Nobody represented here is over forty-five, and probably the only name that will be known here is Pratolini's, for a translation of his *Street of Poor Lovers* was published recently. But though the writers may be unknown in this country, they are not novices or amateurs; neither are they members of a clique, literary or political. This is a great point in favour of the anthology, and of the review from which it is taken. Its contributors come from all over Italy. Bertolucci is a well-known poet who lives in Parma; Dessi, born in Sardinia, teaches in Ravenna; Soldati, now directing films in Rome, comes from Turin; Pratolini is thoroughly Florentine. It is unusual in Italy to find this juxtaposition of writers from various regions, for all the major, and most of the minor, cities have a vigorous literary life of their own and publish periodicals which absorb a great deal of the local talent. It is also unusual to find a review published in Italy which is not tied to any party or school. The stories and poems presented here are in no way tendentious; they have been chosen simply as typical examples of their creators' talents.

METHUEN

THE LONELY TOWER

Studies in the Poetry of W. B. Yeats

T. R. HENN

Fellow and Tutor of St. Catherine's College Cambridge

'One of the best studies of Yeats which have yet appeared.' EDWIN MUIR in the *Observer*.

(Book Society Recommendation)

Illustrated 21s.

ESSAYS BY OSCAR WILDE

Edited with an Introduction by

HESKETH PEARSON

'Every aspect of Wilde's genius is exhibited in this volume of his essays. . . . Nowhere else in his work is the personality behind it so clearly and completely visible.'—From the introduction by Hesketh Pearson.

10s. 6d.

METHUEN

HOMEWARD BORNE

Famous as an actress on both stage and screen Ruth Chatterton achieves further distinction with this moving and knowledgeable story. The tale is simply that of a woman who endeavours to retrieve a young life from the scrap-heap left by years in a concentration camp. There are no sentimentally satisfying solutions, no problems ignored, yet an independent-minded sincerity pervades the work.

1st, 2nd and 3rd imps. ready in April. 10/6 net

Ruth Chatterton

THE ARTS IN ULSTER

An appropriate work for 1951 — dealing with the culture (painting, music, prose and drama) of this too little understood province.

March. Illus. 10/6 net

Sam Hanna Bell

MR. AND MRS. BEETON

The renowned biographical talent of the author imparts the lives of Samuel and Isabella Beeton, famous publisher and famous cook.

March. Illus. 12/6 net

H. Montgomery Hyde

The Peabody Sisters of Salem

Hawthorne, Channing, Melville, and Emerson are among those described in this treble biography which mirrors the great 'Flowering' period in New English society.

Feb. 22. Illus. 15/- net

Louise H. Tharp

CALCULATED RISK

The observations of Eisenhower's deputy during many of the most important campaigns of the last war are obviously very pertinent at the moment. General Mark Clark succeeds in the difficult task of making his narrative informative to the historian and informal enough to interest the general reader. His sidelights on war, diplomacy and persons should have wide publicity. *April. Fully illus. 21/- net*

General Mark Clark

GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD

DURING THE PAST FORTY YEARS

the HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY has been rendering useful service in national education by publishing books on many subjects of adult interest by scholars who are also lucid expositors and attractive writers. In spite of all wartime and postwar manufacturing troubles, more than 750,000 volumes in this series have been sold in the last decade. Ask your bookseller for the prospectus of the series or write to the publishers for it. It gives particulars of many volumes (5s. each) on

POLITICS and ECONOMICS
HISTORY, SCIENCE, LITERATURE
RELIGION and PHILOSOPHY

by eminent authors including Bertrand Russell, Gilbert Murray, G. M. Trevelyan, H. N. Brailsford, Maurice Bowra, Viscount Samuel, Harold Nicolson, Ernest Barker, C. V. Wedgwood, and many others.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Amen House (14), London, E.C.4

PARIS SKETCHBOOK

by Ronald Searle and Kaye Webb

"Ronald Searle in his ninety drawings creates wittily and beautifully the Paris of my anticipation."—
Christopher Fry (Sunday Times)

"Searle's drawings have a magical quality."—*News Chronicle*

"... lively, sometimes satirical."—*Observer*

"An enchanting description of a visit to Paris with evocative uninhibited drawings by Searle."—*Evening Standard*

Over 100 drawings 15/- net

The Saturn Press

Robert T. Oliver

THE TRUTH ABOUT KOREA

Could the Korean War have been avoided? In this controversial analysis Dr. Oliver, who for 8 years was Dr. Syngman Rhee's personal adviser in Seoul, and who served on the Washington Commission on Korea, blames Western negligence and selfishness. He draws the background of Korean History and makes suggestions for the future. *Just out. 10/- net*

Joseph C. Harsch

THE CURTAIN ISN'T IRON

"An accomplished writer and a particularly open-minded observer"—*Times Literary Supplement.* 8/- net

PUTNAM

Another virtue of this collection is that it includes stories of considerable length. The quality of a new writer cannot be assessed from snippets. Besides, the *novella*, that form of fiction beloved by Italians since the days of Boccaccio, is essentially a good deal longer and more substantial than what we commonly think of as a short story. It gives scope for the development of character and action as well as the conveying of atmosphere. D. H. Lawrence was a master of the *novella*; the form suited him far better than the novel, which so encouraged him to digress and theorise. In this collection, Petroni's sensitive study, *The House is Moving*, is over a hundred pages long, and there is not a superfluous paragraph in it; Bassani's *Love Story* is a psychological novel in miniature. There are many more first-rate writers of *novelle* than there are good novelists in Italy to-day. Soldati, whose story *The Window* appears here, is one of the best of them. He is a most accomplished story-teller. I am only sorry that *La Giacca Verde*, which appeared in the second issue of *Botteghe Oscure*, was not chosen instead of the tale that has been included, good though this is. It is a pity that the collection includes nothing by Brancati, a Sicilian who has a real genius for ironic comedy; but his only contribution to *Botteghe Oscure* was not, perhaps, one of his liveliest efforts.

Naturally, the fact that the stories and poems have been taken from a single periodical has imposed certain limitations and omissions; this does not pretend to be a collection of the best that has been produced in Italy since the war; and even from the contributors who might have been drawn on, the more famous have been excluded—Bachelli, Montale, Silone. Nevertheless, there is nothing parochial or deliberately exclusive about this anthology.

An interest in the cultural life of contemporary Italy is much more generally diffused in England than is a knowledge of the Italian language. The remarkable films that have come out of Italy since the Liberation have awakened a real desire to know more about what is going on in a country capable of producing such masterpieces. These translations should afford some useful introductions. The prose naturally stands up better than the poetry to the process of being englished; it is odd how a foreign language tends to reduce to sameness poets whose styles really are not similar. Readers of this anthology will be on the look-out for other translations of contemporary Italians; and if it persuades them to subscribe to *Botteghe Oscure*, it will have done them a good turn.

MARGARET BOTTRALL

The Foundations of Social Anthropology
S. F. NADEL
Professor of Anthropology
Australian National University
Demy 8vo 25s. net

The Greek Tragic Poets
D. W. LUCAS
Fellow of King's College, Cambridge
"The necessary background for understanding Greek drama . . . sane and readable." *Times Lit. Supp.*
"Very useful . . . a very readable and sane summary of our knowledge." *Manchester Guardian*
"An armoury of helpful learning and intelligent comment . . . the success of this book can be guaranteed." *Times Educ. Supp.*
With Notes and Chronological Tables 15s. net

In Preparation
Social Anthropology
E. E. EVANS-PRITCHARD
Professor of Social Anthropology and Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford
Demy 8vo 8s. 6d. net

COHEN & WEST
109 Great Russell Street, W.C.1

NEW NOVELS

The Plenipotentiaries. By H. J. KAPLAN. *Secker & Warburg.* 10s. 6d.
Limbo Tower. By WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.
The Younger Sister. By ISOBEL STRACHEY. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.
The Man Who Fought the Monkey. By ANTHONY THORNE. *Heinemann.* 9s. 6d.

In recent years there has been a steady import of novels dealing with the special moral and psychological problems that worry Americans in Europe, and English readers may by now be pardonably tired of the subject. Mr. Kaplan's contribution, however, is so far superior to the average novel of this kind and so delightfully free of the bravado under which self-pity is concealed, that his book deserves our serious attention and esteem. The story of *The Plenipotentiaries* is told by an American expatriate called Phineas Strauss, a distinguished writer and gay old eccentric, who has made Paris his home for many years. The reason for the author's choice of such an agent becomes apparent as the character of the man is revealed to us. Long exile and the ripeness of age have enabled Strauss (significantly half Jewish) to treat his mother country with a certain degree of objectivity. But the price of his partial detachment, as frequently happens, is lasting obsession: having made himself an outsider he cannot turn away from what he is outside. In the clever first chapter, which no other part of the novel excels, he is in the dingy study of his Paris flat, late at night, thinking out the beginning of his new book about the plenipotentiaries—a word which appears to have a special significance for him and by which he means, we subsequently discover, all his fellow expatriates.

The story proper begins—and, we are allowed to suspect, his own book also—with the unexpected visit, in dramatic circumstances, of a handsome young American called Anthony Farnese. Strauss had met him after the Liberation and, though usually finding young men insufferable, had been conquered by this one's excessive, and peculiarly unconscious, charm. Tony, who is subtly drawn from the beginning as both a victor and a victim, has come back to Paris to escape from his mother, to study with the famous painter Pierre Tarski, and to marry the girl he thinks he loves. The girl, Patricia Matford, is the kind of American woman Strauss most dislikes: a smart, proud, earnest feminist, much given to political meddling; a woman whose sense of moral responsibility has boundless width but little depth, who is always asking Tony if he has written to his mother. When the story opens Pat has been in Paris a short time and is already deeply, and somewhat dangerously, involved in a radical anti-communist movement. This entanglement provides the book with its framework, its small element of violence, and one very funny scene at a political meeting.

The predicament of these two young lovers begins to take a hold upon Strauss's imagination; we may even believe, if we choose, that he has conjured them up. He notes their reactions to Paris and their typically American adventurousness and moral confusion in the face of "experience," reconsiders his knowledge of their past, observes every shift in their relation to each other and to himself, receives confession from each separately; and although, like another Lafcadio, he pretends to find them boring, he is for ever jotting things in his Journal. He frequently generalises about them, usefully underlining the author's main themes.

> Our role in Europe is to be opulent and vulnerable—even those of us who are poverty-stricken and cunning. We have full powers, but we do not always represent what we wish.
>
> . . . Tony's style, his entire onset on the infinitely various world of the foreign was essentially an erotic one. And this—although he violently resisted the idea—was a profoundly American style.

Sometimes, against his will, he feels responsible for them.

> O cowardice! One spends a lifetime telling one's countrymen that they must learn to live, since (whatever they learn) they are bound to die. And when they move out into the world's thoroughfares one's only thought is to cry: *Attention! Il y a du caca de chien.*

We have said that the story is told by Strauss. He does it in three ways—in straightforward narrative, in his Journal, and in an imaginative reconstruction of events from the information supplied him by Pat and Tony. Mr. Kaplan shows great technical accomplishment in the use and alternation of these devices. By other means also, by anchoring the story firmly in time, by the cleverly ordered disclosure and holding back of vital information, by the repetition of key phrases, he gives his book a strong, well-knit texture. Strauss himself is a wonderfully vivid and credible character. He has a vitality, a paranoia, and an ironical attitude towards his own self-esteem that continuously reminds one of those difficult government clerks in the novels of Dostoievski. Excellent, too, and rich in comedy, is the description of his background—his feud with the concierge, his scheming for the flat on the top floor, the anxiety caused him by Mireille, his adorably silly mistress. The only fault in him is that he steals the show.

A poet is the principal character in *Limbo Tower*, another American novel. Gravely ill, he is one of the inmates of a T.B. ward high up in a skyscraper, where the scene of the story is confined from beginning to end. The book is not so much a novel as a symposium—a symposium organised for the purpose of bewailing the tragedy of life and death. Besides the poet (who is a Jew and a Marxist) the caste includes a religious ex-miner, a Negro prize-fighter, a gambler, a gentleman, a representative of Asia, a Jewish shopkeeper, a motherly nurse, a flirtatious secretary, a progressive doctor, and an unprogressive doctor. When these characters are not arguing, in various combinations and with much use of slang, about politics, sex, religion, psychology and allied subjects, the reader is taken the round of their minds and plugged in to jerky interior monologues and nostalgic reminiscences. The descriptive writing, which is interspersed of course, is vivid but overdone. Critics used to lament, and still do, that the cinema is having a bad effect on novelists because they write with one or both eyes on it. This seems to be true now in a different sense. Nearly all the gestures and mannerisms described by Mr. Gresham belong to the convention of the screen. If you *see* them, it is only because you have seen them so many times before. Mindful of much English triviality, one would be wrong to underrate the chief virtue of this book—its sincerity. But Mr. Gresham has not yet mastered what Baudelaire called "*l'art si difficile d'être sincère sans ridicule.*"

A young author is the principal male character in *The Younger Sister*. He has been lent a lady novelist's house in the country in order to finish a book. A neighbour, an exceedingly English Madame Bovary of the Green Belt area, falls in love with him and betrays her nice, rich, but faithless husband. Their sport is spoiled, however, by a younger sister called Ruth, who has just left school and is anxious to carry the exacting principles of Miss Garth, her beloved Head, into the wide world. In the end Miss Garth is betrayed.

While trying to save her sister from the young author Ruth herself falls in love with him. The background against which this comedy takes place is cosy, the summer weather exceptionally fine, the characters lifelike, the conversation witless. The publishers, aggressively disarming, advise that the story "has the frivolity of a masquerade—and no reader need be adjured to look for an underlying 'deeper tone' or 'more serious significance,' because this is a novel whose aim is all for our delight with no ulterior motives."

The Man Who Fought The Monkey is all for our delight as well—and with more success. It is an example of a good academic novel. If it had aimed higher it might have fallen lower. The setting is a seaside village whose inhabitants indulge in a form of devil-worship—the devil being a lawless sailor tough. The occasional homecomings of this attractive monster never fail to bring excitement and pain to the villagers, and consequently are both longed for and dreaded. This is the story of his last return. Ex-Stoker "Nogo" Smith (his nickname said to be derived from the pleadings of a Burmese Madam Butterfly) is a most original creation, a degenerate offspring of Rousseau's noble savage. His tragedy, and the tragedy he causes, lie in his failure to overcome his baser self, the monkey on his shoulder. Mr. Thorne's picture of village life is full of exact information: admittedly most of the characters are the stock types of rustic comedy; but, an exception in this kind of book, his representation of them is without condescension. And if his manly humour is sometimes trying, it is infinitely preferable to Miss Strachey's drawing-room frivolity. The only artists in this book are the village schoolchildren.

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

FOR EXPORT

T. S. Eliot. By M. C. BRADBROOK. *Longmans.* 1s. 6d.

E. M. Forster. By REX WARNER. *Longmans.* 1s.

These pamphlets are astonishingly good value for the money. Intended to introduce British authors of the past and present to educated foreign readers—they appeared first as supplements to the British Council's bibliographical magazine, *British Book News*, which is, unfortunately, not easily come by in the country of its origin—they consist of an expository essay of from 10,000 to 20,000 words, a frontispiece, and a bibliography of the subject's work and the more important critical studies written upon it. Their value to students of English abroad, provided that the other pamphlets in the series come up to the standards set by Miss Bradbrook and Mr. Warner, will be enormous, as anyone who gets letters from lecturers in Continental universities will know; and they should have a wide public in this country. Of the two writers reviewed here, Miss Bradbrook's was probably the more difficult task. As she says of Mr. Eliot: "There has been no one who occupied a comparable position" in English letters "since the reign of Samuel Johnson, The Grand Cham." But his fame is scarcely less in Europe than in England and the United States, while behind the Iron Curtain he is the subject of an official detestation only equalled among contemporary English writers by that provoked by the late George Orwell. As an introduction and exposition of his poetry Miss Bradbrook's essay could not easily be bettered; she is always lucid, and she communicates her own enthusiasm easily and with a pleasantly dry wit. Perhaps she over-estimates the achievement of *The Cocktail Party* at the expense of the other plays; and to say that "it stands in relation to the rest of the drama as does *The Four Quartets* to the rest of the lyrics" is surely to suggest a greater measure of success as drama than the play in fact reaches. Her account of Mr. Eliot's critical position is admirable as far as it goes, but it is not quite true to say that "with the conclusion of his own main formative period" Mr. Eliot's impulse to criticism has ceased. To say so is to forget or ignore, as Miss Bradbrook indeed does, the W. P. Ker Memorial Lecture of 1942, "The Music of Poetry," a document of great importance both to a consideration of poetry generally and to Mr. Eliot's own practice as a poet, and a work that throws much light on the passages on the writing of poetry in *Little Gidding*, on the verse of *The Cocktail Party* and on Mr. Eliot's second thoughts on Milton. Moreover, the implications of this lecture seriously qualify, it seems to me, some of Mr. Eliot's earlier critical judgments.

Perhaps because, as Mr. Warner says, he is sometimes seen as "the last survivor of a cultured liberal tradition" in literature, E. M. Forster as a novelist presents the critic with certain not easily solvable problems. Mr. Warner's main intention in his essay is to show that the common formula to which Forster's novels are so often reduced is quite inadequate as a description of them. "They penetrate," he says, "the boundaries of deep dissatisfaction and despair; and, though they bring back nothing that seems to be either flashily or immediately valuable, no key to understanding, no quick hope for amelioration, nevertheless the mind that has visited his world is wider for the experiences of vision or of nightmare or of both." The vision and the nightmare. The vision, the liberal vision, is immediately acceptable: "Only connect." It is the nightmare that disconcerts: "Boum" or "ouhoum," the echo in the Marabar caves. But there is no either/or: if you want the vision you must take the nightmare, too. It is on this aspect of Forster's novels that Mr. Warner is so good.

WALTER ALLEN

TWO SPLENDID GIRLS

We Followed Our Stars. By IDA COOK. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

The story of the sisters Cook is both touching and amusing. In 1923, when they were young girls earning between two and three pounds a week, they bought a gramophone and a few records, including one by Galli-Curci. This event altered their lives. Next year, when Galli-Curci made her London debut, they saved up and went to all her concerts. But they wanted to hear her in opera, and she sang opera only in New York. Very well then, to New York they would go. Shyly confiding their intentions to the goddess herself (who behaved charmingly: one sees why these beneficent creatures are known as *divas*), they began to lay their plans. Luckily, they lived at home; and so, by dint of walking to work, eating little more than a bun for lunch, and hardly ever buying new clothes, they found they could save a pound a week each. In two years each had amassed a hundred pounds. They then took six weeks off (without pay); arrayed in home-made dresses copied from the patterns in *Mab's Fashions*, and very much on the alert for "white slavers," they set sail for New York.

They were promptly discovered by the New York press, and as "Galli-Curci's English girls" became minor celebrities. The story was everything that America adores their mad romanticism, their youth, their homeliness, their independence and self-reliance. They soon became the intimate friends of Galli-Curci and her husband; and in later years of many other leading figures in opera, especially of Rosa Ponselle, Pinza and Rethberg, of Viorica Ursuleac and her husband Clemens Krauss. Ida Cook blossomed into a successful writer of light romantic fiction; and, from the reader's point of view, their story might have petered out, if their German operatic expeditions and connections had not introduced into their lives a further, and in the long run an overriding, interest.

Naive, good-natured, tremendously English in their political ignorance, the Cooks, though now great travellers, remained almost unaware of what was going on in Central Europe during the Thirties, —until, one day, they were asked (by Krauss and Ursuleac) to help a Jewish refugee from Frankfurt. Being the sort of people who are unconcerned by the Jewish question and never think

Men Against the Desert
RITCHIE CALDER
"*Men Against the Desert* is extremely interesting, not only in itself, but as an international venture. It was a new and exciting method of education on a world scale."—JULIAN HUXLEY. "An adventure which fires the imagination."—LORD BOYD ORR. *Illustrated*, 12s. 6d. *net*

The British Police
J. M. HART
The book describes the different types of police force, the powers and functions of local police authorities, the ways in which control from the centre is exercised. Special emphasis is placed on what happens in practice and not only in theory, and on developments during and after the war. 12s. 6d. *net*

How to Write Technical Books
JOHN GLOAG
This guide to the writing of technical books is planned to help not only technicians who have essential information to impart, but practically anybody who has to write a book. 12s. 6d. *net*

ALLEN & UNWIN LTD

HANDS OFF EUROPE
by
R. P. D.
ALSO: **Re-militarising West Germany and Japan**, by R. Page Arnot; **Socialism and Steel**, by John Eaton; **Glimpses of India**, by D. N. Pritt, K.C.; **Concerning Practice**, (I) by Mao Tse-tung (first translation) in the February
LABOUR MONTHLY
1s. all newsagents or 12s. annually from 2 NS., 134 Ballards Lane, N.3
1951 Pamphlet Series: **The Shaw Memorial**, (1s.);
The Way to Peace, by J. D. Bernal, F.R.S. (6d.)

★
HOW TO AVOID A THIRD WORLD WAR
★
AN APPEAL FOR URGENT ACTION
by
A GROUP OF ORDINARY CITIZENS
obtainable from
G.F., 3, GREY CLOSE, LONDON, N.W.11
or from booksellers
Price 2d.

of asking themselves whether their friends are Jew or Gentile, they suddenly learned with horror of the appalling predicament in which hundreds of thousands of innocent German citizens found themselves. Characteristically, they no sooner saw than they acted. Reasonable friends pointed out that only governments and international committees could deal with so vast a problem. Quite true, said the Cooks, but in the meantime we will do what little we can. They flung everything into the struggle: all their energy and ingenuity, all their spare time, all the money which Ida's romances were now beginning to earn.

They raised guarantees, spoke at meetings, wrote articles, borrowed money from their friends and overspent their own resources to a dangerous degree. So much, no doubt, was done by innumerable others; but the Cooks held in their hands an unusual operatic joker, and this card too they managed to play skilfully and persistently. Under cover of their old hobby, still in the capacity of two crazy, starry-eyed opera fans, they made innumerable brief journeys to Germany, interviewing "cases," smuggling out jewellery, and arranging illegal travel-cheque transactions, by means of which money could be invisibly transferred from Germany to England. In the midst of the tragedy, comedy reappears. At no time a very stylish pair, they began to return from their trips in resplendent fur coats, with blazing diamond brooches pinned to "a six-and-eleven-penny Marks & Spencer jumper with glass buttons down the front." The English Customs were in the secret and charged only nominal duty. But at Cologne aerodrome their recurrent appearances began to be observed, and awkward questions began to be asked.

Here Clemens Krauss came in handy. At that time head of the Munich Opera, he would supply them in advance with exact details of performances for one or two nights concerned, and these they would reel off to the German officials. It always worked. Sometimes they were actually allowed to choose their own opera; and it is amusing to imagine the fury of the Nazi hierarchy had they known of the part played by two unknown English spinsters in the selection of the Munich *Spielplan*. By the outbreak of the war, they had saved 29 persons from the Nazi inferno. When people now say to them, "The money you must have spent! The time and trouble it must have cost!" it is however of something else that they think: "It cost us Rosa's Donna Anna and Carmen and Luisa Miller and Africana." These were parts which Rosa Ponselle sang only in America, before her early marriage and retirement.

Evidently the Misses Cook possess the great charm of being perfectly natural. That is the quality which delighted the stars of the Metropolitan and thawed over-worked consular officials —that and their evident goodness of heart. But do not suppose that they are in the least insipid. They have plenty of dislikes, about which Miss Ida Cook expresses herself in vigorous though undistinguished prose: among them are the Welfare State (they believe, not unnaturally, in individual enterprise) and Opera In English. They are not in the least ashamed of liking their opera Grand.

> If anyone to-day could offer me those two months of the real thing, in place of the dreary, anglicised, uninspired worthiness which passes for grand opera at Covent Garden now, I would give nearly everything I possess to make the change.... That the flavourless English version is more immediately intelligible to the less informed members of the audience than the original would be is no argument in its favour. Give your audience the best, and let them make the effort to rise to it... For heaven's sake let us have a few months of the year when Covent Garden returns to its old glory, with opera given in its own language, by those who have won, or are in process of winning, their laurels in the *whole* world of opera.

The italics are the author's, and the cheers are mine.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A Tub of Gold Fishes. Collected by NINA CUST. *James Bain.* 8s. 6d.

This is the rarest kind of anthology, that represents the unfettered choosing of a far-ranging mind and delicate sensibility. It was started in the war, to the noise of flying bombs: perhaps mainly to provide "pictures for the mind in the dark hours." The categories are unusual: "Birds Crying and Travelling," "Deserts and Rocks: Camels and Horses" are two of the sections. Southey provides three lines on the Tagus that stand between Hölderlin and Cowper, and near George Darley on the Tiber. A tropical night is described by Leonard Woolf, opposite D. H. Lawrence's flying fishes. Robert Payne's heat in the Yenan is matched by Cervantes' brassy sun. The emphasis is visual, and the prevailing mood is an almost Traherne-like delight—not that of the child, or of the escaper of experience, but of the person who has accepted experience and still found it possible to bless.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Note.—LP disc numbers will in future be preceded by an asterisk, and 78 r.p.m. discs will be referred to as SP (i.e., short playing).

Symphonies. BEETHOVEN: No. 3, E flat major (Concertgebouw/Kleiber. *LXT2546). Superior to the same conductor's version of the Seventh Symphony, reviewed last month, this is easily the best recording of the *Eroica* available in any form. The performance, which is marked by extraordinary rhythmic control, is noble and impressive. TCHAIKOVSKY: Sixth ("Pathétique") (Paris Conservatoire/Münch. *LXT2544). From the poor balance, the pinched, unreal quality of the tone, and the carpety bass, I should guess that this was made in the earliest days of LP. It is only fair to add that the recording improves after the first movement; but the surface is far from silent, and in view of the popularity of the work I should advise readers to wait for another recording. GLIERE: No. 3, B minor, Op. 42 (Santa Cecilia Orch./Rachmilovitch. *CTL7000). A pleasantly romantic, but not very individual or interesting, work composed in the Russian academic style made familiar by the symphonies of Glazounov. Performance good, recording only fair. ROUSSEL: No. 4, A major; Suite, F major, Op. 33 (Lamoureux Orch./Tzipine. *CTL7003). A much more authentic and better balanced interpretation than that of Karajan (reviewed last month). The orchestral tone is less fruity, but the gain elsewhere fully compensates for a certain lack of body. The Suite, available also in an SP version by LPO/Münch, is full of charm and wit.

Concertos. MOZART. Violin, G major, K216 (De Vito/RPO/Beecham. DB21177-9). This ravishing work, which seems to me superior to the too often played Concerto in A major, has not been in the catalogues for some little time. I cannot feel that the new issue, despite some lovely orchestral playing and an admirable recording, satisfactorily replaces the fine old Menuhin set. Gioconda de Vito's solo, with its excessive vibrato, impure phrasing, and generally Italianate style does not suit the classical idiom. RACHMANINOFF: Piano, No. 3, D minor (Malcuzynski/Philharmonia/Kletzki. LX1352-5 and LXS1356). Music like this must be clear as a diamond, or it is nothing. On this occasion, I regret to say, it is nothing—or very nearly so. The composer's own performance—ill recorded but quite tolerable—is the standard, which Malcuzynski seems deliberately to have disregarded. The recording balance is not bad, but the pianist has no consideration for the orchestra: woodwind solos go unheard, and Rachmaninoff's beautifully calculated scoring is reduced, while the piano is playing, to "noises off." To make matters worse, the passage-work is not always secure, and the rhapsodic section of the Interlude is played in a towzled style that vulgarises this elegiac movement. I would give all Malcuzynski's specious virtuosity for Rachmaninoff's own playing of the introduction to the first movement, where the piano sounds like a gentle breeze blowing through the orchestra, then rising to a whirlwind and sinking as quickly into silence—a marvellous feat of pianism. TCHAIKOVSKY: Piano, No. 1, B flat minor (Curzon/New SO/Szell. *LXT2559). This is a tense and exciting performance, but the recording is not well managed. The piano tone is only fairly real and that of the orchestra is about as deep as the disc on which it lies. Moreover, the recording level varies oddly throughout. Though the future lie with LP, it would at present be madness to eject the splendid Solomon set of this concerto. BEETHOVEN: Piano, No. 3, C minor (Backhaus/Vienna Phil./Böhm. *LXT2553). The piano tone is better in the SP version (AX373-6), otherwise there is little to choose between that and the LP; the recording is fair, but the ear soon tires of the sand-papery strings. Backhaus, of course, delivers himself with complete efficiency, but also with a hardness, an emphasis, and a disinclination to fall below *forte* which I find most unsympathetic. Solomon again preferred. VIVALDI: Viola d'amore, Op. 25, No. 2, A minor; No. 4, D minor (Renzo Sabatini/London Chamber Orch./Bernard. *LX3028). These delightful concertos seem to me far the most interesting and pointful works of Vivaldi that have yet been recorded. They are sensitively played and the recording is most agreeable.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. STRAUSS: *Don Juan, Till Eulenspiegel* (Vienna Phil./Krauss. *LXT-2549); *Also sprach Zarathustra* (Ditto. *LXT2548). We are lucky to have three such authentic readings of these pieces in so handy a form. Of the three, *Don Juan* comes least well out of the recording, which is cloudy and never reproduces the fiery quality of the playing. The oboe, too, has a hollow and unreal tone. In *Till*, however, the lights go up. Clemens Krauss, it is clear, does not regard the work as a conductor's *bonne bouche*: the tempi are rather deliberate, but with no loss of vitality, and the episodes hang together very well. Less wholly satisfactory as music, *Zarathustra* is magnificently played and (except just at the start) extremely well recorded. I have never heard the bass fugue sound so rich and clear, and the *Von den Freuden* section is thrilling. Strauss is nearer to Liszt in this work than in any other—Liszt at his best and his not quite worst. DVORAK: *Scherzo Capriccioso*, Op. 66 (Philharmonia/Kubelik. C7822-3). This far from trivial piece at last gets the uncut recording that it richly deserves; but, although I recommend the set to those who wish to acquaint themselves with the music, I cannot approve the recording, which is much too fat and bottom-heavy for comfort. The fill-up is the charming *Legend*, Op. 59, No. 10 (originally for piano duet), beautifully played and well recorded. MOZART: *Divertimento*, D major, K334 (Members of Vienna Octet. *LXT-2542). One of the best loved of Mozart's occasional works and well known in the orchestral version by

HEFFER'S

The Bookshop known the world over. New and secondhand English and foreign books. Learned and rare works bought; lists invited.

W. HEFFER & SONS LTD.
PETTY CURY, CAMBRIDGE

BOOK BARGAINS!

New books at half price or less in perfect condition. Stamp for lists of hundreds of bargains, such as: **John Donne** (Poems and Prose). 400 pages de luxe. Published at 21s. Our price 7s. 6d. Post 6d.

TOWN BOOK SHOP, ENFIELD, MIDDX.
Phone: ENField 4948.

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION
for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE
& PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the General Certificate of Education examination ; B. Com. ; B.Sc. Econ. ; LL.B. and other external London University Degrees, **Civil Service Examinations**, etc.

Also expert postal tuition for **Prelim. Exams.** and for the professional exams. in **Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management, &c.**, and many intensely practical (non exam.) courses in commercial subjects.

MORE THAN 47,000 POST-WAR EXAMINATION SUCCESSES

and hundreds of First Places, Prizes and other Honours

Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Textbook lending library. Moderate fees payable by instalments.

Write to-day for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (D1/4).

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
ST ALBANS
or call, 30, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

BUSY PEOPLE—and WRITING THE PROFITABLE PLEASURE

There is no reason why, nowadays, you should not find time to write, thereby adding to your income in a pleasurable way.

The London School of Journalism **specially caters for busy people** by fixing no time limit on its personal postal courses. Advice is free, fees are low. Send for free copy of "Writing for the Press" to

Prospectus Office
THE LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.
MUSeum 4574

"Whenever you think of writing, think of the L.S.J."

"Gale Warning . . ."

Every time your wireless programme is interrupted by a "Gale Warning," think of the Lifeboatmen. They may be answering a call of distress.
The Lifeboat Service is entirely supported by voluntary contributions. Your help is needed.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION
42, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1
The Duke of Montrose, K.T., C.B., C.V.O., V.D., *Treasurer*
Colonel A. D. Burnett Brown, M.C., T.D., M.A., *Secretary*

CANCER RELIEF

CANCER SUFFERER (501111).—Poor man (64), wife in hospital, needs allowance for nourishment, laundry, etc. Please help us to care for him. This is but one of many sad cases for which funds are urgently needed. Jewellery welcomed and sold.
No State assistance is received by the N.S.C.R.

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR CANCER RELIEF
Appeal N.S., 47, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

A NEW old-style pipe tobacco at 4/- an ounce

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

PRIVATE TREATMENT *in* ILLNESS

MANY PREFER BUT CANNOT AFFORD IT..
B.U.P.A. offers an inexpensive solution

Members, including dependants, can make private arrangements and the Association refunds all or part of the cost. Send for subscription details and brochure to :

***The* BRITISH UNITED PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION**
REF. 23/69
PROVIDENT HOUSE, 61, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, LONDON, E.C.1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for the following new appointments which are occasioned by expansion to the present establishment. Emoluments shown are for married members of the staff normally resident outside Hong Kong or China, and are inclusive of allowances:—Professorship in History, £2,127-£50-£2,377 p.a.; Readership in Philosophy, £1,659-£50-£1,909 p.a.; Readership in Geography, £1,659-£50-£1,909 p.a.; Senior Lectureship in French, £1,576-£40-£1,736 p.a. Applicants should possess Honours degree of British Universities and appropriate academic teaching experience. First-class sea-passages, and furnished houses or flats at reasonable rentals are provided for expatriate staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is March 15, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer and Supervisor of Practical Work in newly established Diploma and Certificate courses in Social Study, Department of Economics and Politics. Total emoluments (a) for a married man normally resident outside Hong Kong or China, and inclusive of all allowances: £1,400—£40—£1,640 per annum; (b) for a woman: £1,240—£40—£1,480 per annum. Candidates should possess an Honours Degree from a British University, or other similar satisfactory qualification, in Social Science and experience in supervising the practical social work of students; a working knowledge of Cantonese will be an advantage. First-Class sea-passages, furnished houses or flats at reasonable rentals are provided for expatriate staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is March 15, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Economic History. Salary ranges are: Senior Lecturer, £A1,049-£A1,299; Lecturer, £A699-£A1,049 (including cost-of-living allowance of £A49), subject to Superannuation contributions. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is March 31, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Belfast. Applications are invited for two Lectureships in Economics in The Queen's University of Belfast. (1) Salary £800 by £50 to £1,150, (2) salary £550 by £50 to £850, and on terms and conditions being satisfied, to £1,150. Both posts have contributory pension under the F.S.S.U. Initial placing on the scales will depend on experience and qualifications. Applications should be received by April 2, 1951. Particulars from G. R. Cowie, M.A., LL.B., Secy.

LEEDS College of Art. Principal: E. E. Pullee, A.P.S.C.A., F.S.A.E. Applications are invited for two posts, duties to begin as soon as possible. (a) Senior Assistant in the School of Sculpture and Ceramics—Head of School, H. R. Phillips. Candidates should have good qualifications and experience as Sculptors and teachers of Sculpture. Some experience of Pottery would be an advantage. Salary according to Burnham Scale, at present £700 × £25—£800, subject to revision from April 1, 1951, when revised scales are to be published. (b) Lecturer in the School of Design, Head of School, Taylor Hyde, R.E., A.R.C.A. Applications are invited for the post of teacher of Interior Decoration with special responsibility, to work with the Painting and Decorating section of the School of Design. The successful candidate will have wide scope for development. Candidates should be conversant with the examinations for the Ministry of Education National Diploma in Design, the Institute of British Decorators, the City and Guilds of London Institute and the examinations of the National Joint Education Committee. Salary according to Burnham Scale, at present £800 × £15—£950, with allowances for approved training, teaching and professional experience, and the addition of a special responsibility allowance on £75 per annum. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained, on receipt of a stamped and addressed foolscap envelope, from the Chief Education Officer, Education Offices, Leeds. Completed applications should be returned not later than three weeks after the appearance of this notice.

B.B.C. invites applications from women for the post of Establishment Assistant in the Manchester Broadcasting Area. The duties include the local recruitment of women clerical staff and responsibility for the general welfare of the female staff in the area, many of whom work shift hours and live in hostels or lodgings. Essential qualifications include previous experience of administrative (establishment) and welfare work. Starting salary £565 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to a maximum of £725 per annum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "E.A.M.S., N.Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose s.a.e.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

CHIEF Medical Statistician in the General Register Office. The Civil Service Commissioners will shortly be filling this post owing to the retirement of Dr. Percy Stocks. Those wishing to be considered must be registered medical practitioners with knowledge of medical statistics and experience appropriate to the post. Salary £1,850-£2,125. Full particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 3471. Completed application forms must reach him by February 23, 1951.

TUBERCULOSIS. London County Council invites applications from persons possessing the certificate of the Institute of Hospital Almoners or the Social Science certificate of one of the recognised schools of sociology, and who have had practical experience in social work, for appointment in the Public Health Department as local tuberculosis care organiser for duty in Health Division No. 9 (comprising the boroughs of Battersea and Wandsworth). The person appointed will be required to carry out the social and secretarial work arising from the activities of the local tuberculosis care committee. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Divisional Medical Officer, L.C.C. Health Offices, Fairfield St., Wandsworth, S.W.18, to whom forms should be returned not later than February 17, 1951. (76)

SOUTH-West Metropolitan Region. Graylingwell Hospital, Chichester. Applications are invited for the appointment of Psychologist at Graylingwell Hospital which accommodates some 1,100 persons suffering from nervous and mental disorders. The duties will include routine investigation of intelligence and personality and collaboration with the Department of Clinical Research. The appointment, which is non-resident, will be on a temporary basis and is limited to a period of two years in the first instance, the salary being £650 for the first year and £700 for the second year. The post will be subject to the provisions of the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations. Applications, giving full personal and professional details, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent as soon as possible to the Medical Superintendent.

WANTED for medical research, Technician (part-time, evenings), to design, build and maintain scientific equipment. Workshop and lathe experience, and O.N.C. (Electrical) or equivalent preferred. Possible full-time appointment later. Post might interest student (University or other) in need financial help. Salary (full-time) within the range £340-£447 10s., plus London allowance; part-time pro rata. Application forms, to be returned within 10 days from the appearance of this announcement, from the Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5. Quote reference RFAL.

THE College of Preceptors, 2 and 3 Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1. Applications are invited from women for interesting new post as an Assistant Secretary. Initial salary £400 per annum. Duties include work in afternoons, evenings and on Saturdays (free time to be arranged) connected with organization of social side of College life, of Information Room and supervision of the Club Room. Plenty of scope for woman of initiative with wide interests and preferably some teaching experience. The College (incorporated 1849) is one of the oldest educational societies which has adopted a revised policy for modern conditions. Applications within fourteen days of the appearance of this notice on the form to be obtained from the Secretary.

B.B.C. invites applications from typists for the Hebrew language. At present there are no staff vacancies but suitable qualified applicants are likely to be called upon, as for ad hoc engagements and would be placed on a list for consideration when vacancies arise. The work involves typing in Hebrew from dictation. Essential qualifications are typing and a thorough knowledge of the language. Salary would be in a grade with a maximum of £6 5s. per week, plus 10s. language allowance. Detailed application to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Hebrew typists, N.Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addd. env.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of typist in its Danish Section from women of British or Danish nationality. The work consists mainly of taking Danish dictation direct on to the typewriter. Good English and accurate typing are essential. Salary according to qualifications between £5 10s. and £6 5s. per week, plus 10s. language allowance for Danish. Detailed application to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Danish typist, N.Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

MARKET Research. Competent economist with thorough knowledge of statistical methods required to take charge of market research department of a large company with factories in various parts of Gt. Britain. A salary commensurate with experience and ability will be paid. Minimum age 30. Write giving full details to Box NS807, L.P.E., 110 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

UNITED Bristol Hospitals. Assistant Warden for Nurses' Homes. Bristol Royal Hospitals. Duties will consist of work appertaining to the home and social life of Nursing Staff. Applications in writing to The Secretary, Bristol Royal Infirmary, Bristol, 2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

COUNTY Council of Essex. Applications are invited for appointment as Visiting Officer (female) in the Children's Department. The duties of the person appointed will include the visiting of children's Homes, boarding out, and visits to the homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into the care of the County Council. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. The salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the person appointed, but will not exceed a maximum of £495 a year. The Scheme of Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services as from time to time amended, and as adopted by the County Council, is at present applicable to persons appointed on the established staff. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination to the satisfaction of the Council. Applications giving full particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and the names and addresses of two persons to whom references can be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than Feb. 12. Canvassing directly or indirectly is forbidden.—John E. Lightburn, Clerk of the County Council.

PSYCHOLOGIST (female) required for Personnel Department of engineering organisation at London Headquarters. A degree, including Psychology and Statistics, is essential and some industrial experience desirable. Age 24-34. Write details training, experience and salary expected to Box 1209.

WARDENS required Cambridge Youth Hostel. Joint appointment. Particulars and application form obtainable from Regional Secretary, 10 Christ's Lane, Cambridge.

WANTED: Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland, experienced market-gardener and assistant cook. Job would suit couple interested progressive education. Write John Aitkenhead.

LADY Housekeeper required at The Mount School, York, a Boarding School of 240 girls under the Management of the Society of Friends. Adequate training and good experience essential. Initial salary not less than £300 per annum, with free board and residence. The person appointed will be required to take up her duties during August, 1951. Applications with copies of testimonials to be sent before February 20 to The Bursar, The Mount School, York, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

STOKE Park Colony Group Hospital Management Committee. Assistant Housekeeper (resident) required for small hostel accommodating trainable female defective patients. Apply, giving full details of past experience, to the Supervisor, Anchor Lodge Hostel, 8-10 Eddleigh Rd., Bristol, 8.

WEST Country Bookshop requires trained Assistant (lady) for responsible position. Languages a recommendation. Write, giving age and experience, Box 1040.

WESTEND Art Gallery wants efficient secretary, good appearance, under 35. Box 1336.

WANTED: Part-time or full-time women sales assistants, with experience(s) in retail trade. London, E.8 and S.W.1. Write details exp. and salary reqd. to Box 1169.

ASSISTANT-Secretary required by the Housing Centre for housing information, library and research work. Apply in writing to the Housing Centre, 13 Suffolk Street, S.W.1.

WANTED at once, expert typist for interesting, responsible work, planning appeals for blind welfare society, also shorthand-typist willing to do varied office work. Good remuneration and conditions. Box 1264.

OFFER interesting job to efficient shorthand-typist, working knowledge German, French preferred. Apply Box 1058 stating experience and qualifications.

SHORTHAND-typists and copy-typists (English & bilingual) urgently required for interesting temporary work by day or week. (No evg. or week-end work.) Box 879.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LONDON Chemical Engineering graduate, 1st class honours, industrial experience, wants teaching (pref. Home Counties), travelling, or similar post, or advice. Fluent German. Competent violinist. Box 1268.

A YOUNG man, aged 25, well-educated, with literary ability, recently returned from abroad, seeks interesting job of executive post not directly concerned with commerce. Box 988.

JOURNALIST (Fleet Street), highly qualified and experienced, graduate social sciences with wide cultural and artistic interests, seeks assistant editorship literary publication or kindred work. Box 946.

PART-time or free-lance work now undertaken by young (27) economist (Cantab). Experienced in trade journal editing and press/publicity work. Preferences: politics, movies, theatre. Box 962.

GENT, sks. public. post; exp. MSS prf., rdg., advt. space-sllg., sh.-typ. Box 1232.

SECRETARY sht.-typ. seeks interesting post. Good speeds and refs. Box 1061.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—*continued*

WOMEN graduates and educated girls will shortly complete their training and become available for employment as secretaries and shorthand-typists. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers, please write or 'phone Langham Secretarial College 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

SOCIAL worker, f., 29, Social Science diploma, London, seeks position. Experience: children, adults, Mental After Care, research, administration. Box 856.

MAN cook-caterer sks. change. Max. 100. Durell, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

EXAMINATION

ARCHITECTURAL Association School, 36 Bedford Sq., W.C.1. Entrance Examination for session 1951-52 will be held on March 19, 1951. Closing date for applic. (forms obtainable from the Principal) Mar. 1.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

THESES, Novels, Plays, Poetry, Envelopes. Express Typing Service. Priority for urgent work. Margaret Robertson, 18 Parliament Hill, Hampstead, N.W.3.

TYPEWRITING undertaken. Mrs. Harrison, 5 Castello Ave., S.W.15. Putney 1084.

DALEY'S Typewriting and Duplicating. 2 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Tel. HOL. 5157.

BOND Street Bureau offers an efficient and inexpensive typing and duplicating service, any type of work undertaken. Temporary or permanent staff supplied at short notice. MAY. 3692.

EXPERT Typist all branches, Accountants' work a speciality. Good service guaranteed. E.D.C., 18A High St., Caterham. CAT. 3507.

THE St. Stephen's Secretariat undertakes all kinds of typing and duplicating, provides skilled shorthand-typists, temporary and permanent, and can arrange office facilities in Whitehall. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1. WHI. 0606 & 2416.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

EFFICIENT temporary secretaries available. Permanent staff found to requirements. Duplicating. Caron Dash, Ltd., Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., S.W.1. Tel.: Abbey 2214/5.

LITERARY typing, 7-day service all MSS., (4-day emergency service for urgent work). Dictating machine service. Duplicg., indexing, editing, proof reading, cataloguing, etc. Translns. (all languages)). Qualified secretaries at short notice. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831/Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting of every description undertaken under personal supervision, by careful and intelligent typists. Express service if desired. Duplicating 24 hours. Special checking service for theses. Translations. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. Mal. 7479.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. All literary MSS. Commercial documents, indexing, etc. Faultless work. MAI. 2659.

DUPLICATING, typing, express accurate service. Office staff supplied.—Southern Secretarial Agency, 69 Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABBey 1511). Or 4 Broad St. Place, E.C.2 (LON. 5746/7.)

RANK Secretarial Service: MSS. accurately typed. Novels, theses 7 days. Careful checking. Dplctg. Transls. all langs. Mod. terms. 4 Queensborough Terrace, W.2. BAY. 8601.

FIRST-Class typing, duplicating, translation service. Prompt delivery. Ilian Typewriting Agency, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. Rus. 5676. 108 Chepstow Rd., W.2. Bay. 5087.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

TRANSLATOR (lady, 50's), French, Italian, Spanish, wants homework and/or interpreting. A.N., 15 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

GUARANTEED translations lit. & gen. from/into French, Span., Ital., Russ., Pol., by known author. Research work connected above languages. Harrison 19, Mornington Avenue, W.14. Tel. FUL. 4521.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Encyclopædia Britannica, 14th, in mahogany bookcase, £26; "Horizon," complete, offers; Littré's Dictionnaire, 4 vols., good condition, offers; Electric Singer Sewing Machine, Oak Library Table Model, new condition, £45. French Linguaphone pedigree Siamese kittens, 4 & 5gns.; Deccalian Electric Gramophone.

WANTED: "The Art and Craft of Drawing," by Vernon Blake; Encyclopædia Britannica.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed a few weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

PERSONAL

LONDON accom. wanted by 2 young women in exch. caresaking, pt. time hse. work, incl. redecoration if wanted. Box 1300.

MORLEY College Choir urgently need new members, all voices, pref. trained. 3 concerts during Festival. Rehearsals Mon. eve. Contact Sec., Morley College Choir, S.E.1.

WANTED offices (2, 3/4 rooms) for League for Democracy in Greece and Relief Ctee. Central if poss., reasonable rent, gr. or 1st floor preferred. Phone HOL. 0122 or write L.D.G., 89 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

COUPLE want two passengers to share travelling expenses to French Riviera in Vanguard leaving Birmingham March 9; return England March 25. Box 954.

GERMAN girl, 20, of professional family, fluent English, some nursing experience, seeks domestic or nursing job in respectable house, near London. 1 year. Box 969.

EXPERIENCED children's nurse, Danish, now working for English family in Sweden, desires post in children's hotel, 3-4 months next summer. Box 961.

LAKELAND Holidays; furn. bungalow to let; mid-way Ambleside-Coniston. Accom. 4. Box 461.

CORNWALL. Sennen Caravan, 2 mins. sea. Prowse, Downan, St. Just, Penzance.

EXCHANGE Switzerland; hospitality offered to young Swiss person in London home in exchange for home for English student in Zurich. Write Box 994.

WILL Engl. boy 15-17 spend Easter hols. in Paris in exch. for sim. service in summer for French boy in England. Box 1101.

PAINTING Holidays glorious Welsh coast, for serious beginners or advanced people, age 20-45. Well-established, highly individual tuition. All through Festival Year 1951. Particulars: Box 1212.

SWISS holidays, Easter, Spring (Winter sports), Summer. Private parties. First-class mountain hotel. Moderate prices. References, Rackett, South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

COMFORTABLE, cultured house-party of eight people over 30. We invite one more lady and gentleman. March 22-29. 6gns. Sussex. Partics. Box 1007.

WELL-fitted stage Leics. Sq. for hire. Plays, Ballets etc. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678

JOHN Vickers. Photographer to the Old Vic and other theatres, also specialises in Portraits of Professional Men and Women, particularly those who usually face the camera with misgiving. Studio sittings from 4gns. by appointment only. 29B Belgrave Rd., London, S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Complete antique furnishing schemes undertaken in the elegant, earthy, or baroque, at absurdly low cost and client's exact advance quotation. Write Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex.

LONDON office? Company having premises in Central London is prepared to provide facilities or act as London agents for organization or firm. Box 768.

YOUR Travel, shopping, secretarial problems solved. Ring Taylormade Service, MUSeum 0432.

INSTANTANEOUS French from few mins.' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d., Florestan Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

"UNAD"—the first really comprehensive yet inexpensive range of 27 pieces of related contemporary furniture, has been designed by the Story Design Group. Send for illustrated leaflet. Story & Co., Ltd., 7 Kensington High Street, London, W.8.

PITMAN'S shorthand. Private tuition. No classes. Afternoons or evenings. Beginners or speed. PAD 6929.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. MAI. 4657.

COACHING all Sciences, school and pre-clinical Medical exams., also Physiology, Zoology, degree standard. Box 1034.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Waverstree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

A CONJURER who will make your party a success. "Chris De Prénael." Member of the Magic Circle. SPEedwell 5330.

ENGLISH. Tuition by prof. writer. Expert, original, individual. MAI. 0082.

LONDON Panel of Personal Consultants. Please write for brochure to the Hon. Secretary, 10 York Gate, N.W.1.

HANDWRITING delineation, expert, send 50 words 3s. P.O. S.A.E. Box 1015.

GRAND Four Countries Tour, including Rhine by boat and seven days in Switzerland. 15 days 43gns. Ask for details of this and other holidays at home and abroad. Allways Travel, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

PERSONAL—*continued*

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

NEW play wanted for Hampstead Festival in June. Please send to The 28 Group, 1a, Primrose Gdns., N.W.3. Tel: PRI. 1565.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6942.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher, Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

"EN Famille" Holidays in Austria, France. "To get the most out of travelling is to learn to understand new customs, new ways of living and thinking, by staying with the people of the country you visit." Spend your holiday abroad in the friendly atmosphere of a private family. Apply E.F.A., Dept. N.S., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

CORSICA. An enchanting fortnight under canvas amongst the pines by the Mediterranean. Perfect climate and wonderful scenery. Swimming, games, dancing, etc. Good food. By air from London, including 2 nights in Paris, £38. Also individual holidays arranged. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd. (Corsica Tourist Office), 22 Bury Place, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

PARIS—with a difference. Specially planned, flexible programmes for individuals or small groups in company with cultured Parisians. Sleeping in a comfortable hotel, you can, if you wish, see Paris as an unusually privileged visitor under the aegis of Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

MOUNTAINEERING holidays and walking tours. Our programme contains details of holidays of every grade of strenuousness. They vary from easy walking tours in every western European country to climbing parties in Austria and Switzerland. Charge from £24 for 15-day tour. Ramblers' Association Services, 48V Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1.

BADGASTEIN, Austria's renowned spa for rheumatism, arthritis, bad circulation. Easter Party March 22-April 1, £23 15s.; -April 8, £29 15s.; -April 15, £35 15s. E.L.B., 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

CORSICA. 1951's cheapest and best holiday by 'plane. A fortnight in this glorious Mediterranean island can again be enjoyed this season! Details from Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. Tel.: City 7163/4.

UNSPOILT Austria; there are a few vacancies still for small parties going to Vorarlberg February 16 or Hintertux, Tyrol, February 24. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. Ken. 0911.

WHERE TO STAY

KENNACK Sands (South Cornwall). Quiet, friendly Guest House. Magnificent sea views, safe sandy beach. Near to Cadgwith, The Lizard, Mullion. From 5gns. Kennack House, Kuggar, Ruan Minor, Nr. Helston.

COME to "Clutha," Lower Bourne, Farnham, for Holidays and Home in Festival of Britain Year. Delightful country house, every comfort, good food and beds. Book early. Phone: Frensham 293.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation, beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce. Terms 5gns., special terms for family party. Telephone: Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

IF you have never seen Spring in Lakeland make sure of this wonderful experience this year! Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, is a unique and delightful position for exploring the district, offers unrivalled hse. cking, good food and friendly atmosphere, at reasonable charges. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

HASTINGS 4571. Congenial, socialist, musical atmosphere. Excel. meals; gardens. Families assured perfect holiday—Sentimental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

A HOMELY welcome, exc. cuisine and sunny holidays await you at Hotel Celine Rose, Menton, A.M. 1,200/r. incl. per day.

CORNWALL. Spring, so full with flowers, comes in January here among Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Excellent for asthma. Every comfort. Trelhareneck Manor, Port Isaac. 234.

"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to good hotels, inns, etc., in Britain's loveliest holiday counties. Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

OXON. Reduced terms for guests wintering at Croft House Hotel, Burcot, Oxon. Good cooking. Tel Chilton Hampden 32.

ENGLISH Lakes. Come to our restful countryside for complete change. Highly recommended. Mrs. Harden, "Dorchester," 17 Southey St., Keswick. Cumb.. Tel. 399.

RYE (near) holiday accommodation in country cottage. Farm produce. Full particulars: Graham James, The Mill, Iden, Sussex. Tel. Iden 205.

FARM Holidays Guide.—Covers the British Isles, sea and country terms from £3, full board. Guides 2s. each.

DEVON & Cornwall for early holidays. 9 Guest Houses in delightful surroundings. Very reas. terms. Illustrated brochure No. 18 free: Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish, Devon.

WHERE TO STAY—*continued*

SWITZERLAND. Convalescence, holidays, winter sports. ski-ing school, 3,370ft. high Guest House. Comfort, excellent cuisine, personal attention. 14 francs dly., inc. Write brochure: "La Cerisier," Caux-sur-Montreux.

PENARTH. "Vegetarian Guest Ho." Recstory, S. Wales coast. Ideal situ. Plant. hol. resort. O'lkg. sea. Attractive catcrg. Brochure.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. Really one of Cornwall's Gems. Stay at The Lawns Hotel where food and comfort matter. Unrivalled position overlooking bay. Running water in all bedrooms. Terms 4½-6½gns. weekly. Write for brochure or 'Phone 291.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Here is an hotel where you do what you like. It's friendly, comfortable, and the food is excellent. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

FOLKESTONE. 2 minutes from Leas. Comfortable house in beautiful surroundings. Spend your holidays on the Kent coast. Open all the year round. Terms moderate. Write 10 Augusta Gdns. 'Phone 2952.

BUCKS, Sml. farmhouse offers rest, comf., farm fare, country walks. 5gns. "Holmbury," Bledlow, Princes Risborough 449.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. For early holidays and honeymoons in a Riviera climate. A.A. recommended. Just above sea, in 3 acres grounds. Mod. comfort; exc. "home" ckg. Tel.: 316.

SWANAGE, Dorset. Vegetarian Guest Hse. 3 mins. sea. H. & C. Children's playroom. Excellent cuisine. Brochure: Mr. & Mrs. Golding, "Waveney," Park Rd. Phone 2804.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. A real rest in lovely country within reach Eastbourne. Own produce. Spacious grounds. Comfy beds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, East Sussex. Telephone: Horeham Road 32.

WEST Coast of Ireland. Come early and enjoy the Atlantic breezes and good food. Avondale House, Mallaranny, Co. Mayo.

FOR happy holidays Bevan's Lyn Valley Hotel, Lynmouth, overlooking sea and River Lyn. H. & C. all bedrooms. Ballroom, Billiard Room, Lounge. Excellent cuisine. Fully licensed. R.A.C. Apply: T. H. Marriott. Resident Manager.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrooms. Terms: Oct. to May, 3½-5gns; summer, 5-7gns. Phone Hastings 5110.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4353. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakf., dinner optional. Moderate.

CHELSEA Studio. Vacant now. Well-furn. Gas & coal fires. H. & c. basin. Use k. and b. Suit writer or artist. Rent 5gns. inc. light and service. Box 1294.

DIVAN sitting-room to let with partial board, 3½gns. Comfortable home with excellent food. Call: 98 Maida Vale, W.9, or Phone MAI. 4154.

BED-sitting room in modern house offered by prof. couple (Jewish) to business/prof. lady. Phone: Gipsy Hill 1047.

RUSSIAN family, Golders Grn., has large comf. bed-stg. rm. for one person to let £2 2s. Bkfast. & week-end meals optl. Use of kitchen. Speedwell 8956/write Box 1239.

BLACKHEATH. Professional woman offers divan room in her house. Box 662.

TO let Enfield, furn. bed-sit. room & kitchenette. Lovely view. Box 1089.

TO let, large, well-furnished room in a house with friendly atmosphere, cooking facility, constant hot water; would suit mother with child. Fortis Gdns. Tud. 3085.

SMALL, period cottage to let furn. Daily journey London just possible. All mod. cons. Sitting, 2 bed., bath, kit. Small garden. 3½gns. weekly Box 1275.

N. DEVON farmhouse. Small furn. s.c. flat to let. 1 bdrm., h. & c., e.l., calor gas. Rent 3gns. weekly, except Aug. Box 987.

FURNISHED cottage, 40 miles London. 3/4 bedrooms. Apl. cooking. March 24-April 10. Aug. & Sept., 7gns. p.w. Box 986.

TO let furnished, small farmhouse. Newbury 10 mls. 4 bed., 2 bath. & w.c.'s, 3 recepts. Recently redecorated. Small garden and paddock. Moderate rent. 2 years' lease with option. Domestic help available. Suit author or country-lovers. Write Box 1127.

N. WALES. Furn. mountain bungalow. Sleep 6. No linen. 5gns. weekly (July/Aug. 6gns.). Miss Harrstone, Brentor, Willow Grove, Chislehurst, Kent.

HOMESEEKERS should read "The Homefinder," the biggest and best Property Magazine. Over 1,000 houses advertised in every issue. 9d. Monthly from Newsagents. By post 1s., or 11s. 6d. a year. Homefinders, Ltd. (N.S.), 42 Wood Exchange, E.C.1.

PROF. couple with happy child, S. Af. refugees, req. furn./unfurn. flat/house, 3/4 rms. Anywhere, pref. Hampstead/Highgate, from April 1. Box 855.

PROFESSIONAL man, 28, civilized, seeks bed-sit. with bkft. and evng. meals in private house. Pleasant part of London or suburbs (N., N.W. or W.). Box 1064.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

YOUNG lady Socialist requires furnished bed-sitting room, prof. with kit. Paddington, Notting Hill area. Box 955.

ALMONER urgently requires unfurn. s.c. flat, London area; refs. Box 931.

AMERICAN student couple and child seek furnished apartment London area for one year beginning March 15. Box 276.

TWO young prof. men require 2 unfurn./part-furnished rooms; usual services; Central London. TRAfalgar 2275.

SENR. Civil Servant urgently needs unfurn. accom., min. 3 rooms, in or near London. Rent up to £145 p.a. Box 957.

AUSTRALIAN (m), bookish, 32, trying to save after travels, seeks digs. about £2. Gets lost in Suburbs. Box 967.

LADY (28) wishes to be contacted by another willing to share flat(let) reasonably near Holborn. Box 1008.

YOUNG couple (childless) forced vacate present home end Feb. anxiously seek unfurn. accom., Kingston area pref. Anything anywhere consid. KIN. 2813, after 6 p.m.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THE February issue of "The Writer" contains informative articles by David Langdon, Lewis Wilshire and others, and helpful information on new markets for spare-time journalists.

HOW to Avoid a Third World War—a commonsense solution, by a group of ordinary citizens. An appeal for urgent action. Price 2d. from 3 Grey Close, London, N.W.11, and booksellers.

"THE Linguist," the modern paper for modern languages. Features and articles in English, French, German, Italian, Russian and Esperanto, 1s. monthly from newsagents. Annual subscription 12s. 6d., from 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

"PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace" 7d.: Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

JOURNAL of Sex Education, popular-scientific Journal for the sexual enlightment of adults. 2s. 3d., post free. Annual subscription (6 issues) 10s. 6d. Enquiries with stamped addressed envelope to 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. WELbeck 7840.

BERNARD Shaw's Rhyming Picture Guide to Ayot St. Lawrence. 32pp. & cover 1s. or bound cloth 5s. From bookshops or Leagrave Press, Luton. (Postage 3d.)

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bght. Nr. Lyric Theatre, W.6. RIV. 6807.

PRESERVE your Pelican Books etc. Have them artistically bound for only 2s. a volume. Quotations for binding larger books and magazines. Particulars, Box 956.

CHURCH Street Bookshop, 57, Kensington Church St., W.8. New and secondhand books. Also full stock Everymans, Penguins and similar editions. Open all day Saturday. (WES. 4014.)

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short-term membership; 1 mth. 10s.; 3 mths. £1; 6 mths. 30s; 1 year £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, etc. Write Office, 31 Chancery Lane, W.C.2 (HOL. 5088).

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.26 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

PARACHUTES. 1, Pure White Heavy English Silk or Primrose Nylon; each panel 36in. × 132in., 3in. at top; 2 panels 17s. 6d, 4 panels 32s. 6d., 8 panels 60s. New Irish Linen Lengths (a) Natural Shade, 6yds. × 24in., each, 21s.; 6yds. × 32in., each, 27s. (b) White, 6yds. × 24in., each 22s. 6d.; 6yds. × 32in., each, 28s. 6d. Carr. extra. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 183), 139/143 Stoke Newington High St., London, N.16.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street" (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes sold or new purchased.

SCHOOLS

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal cares, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Engl., particularly from parents abroad. R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

RAYMONT School, Shortlands, Kent. Boys & 3-11, Girls 3-18. A few vacancies for weekly or full boarders. Apply for prospectus to Mrs. G. Price, Principal, Ravensbourne 3272.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38, 40, Eton Ave., Hampstead. Boarding School: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Realistic, modern approach. Boys & Girls, 5-18. Swimming, Riding. H. & E. Paul, Ph.D.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. Mon.) St. & Sun. 5 & 8. "Hedda Gabler." Mems.

T. S. ELIOT'S "Family Re-union"—2 Tavistock Repertory Company Produ. Chrischurch Studio-Theatre, 156a Albany St., N.W.1. From Feb. 6-11 inc. at 7.30 p.m. Thrs. 3s. 6d., 2s. Members only. Apply for Club Membership, 2s. 6d. per year. Tel.: EUSton 7185 (after 7 p.m.).

WATERGATE Theatre, 39 Buckingham St., Strand. TRA. 6261. "Medusa's Raft," by Georg Kaiser, till Feb. 10 (except Mon.). 7.30, Sun. 7. Members.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Here Goes!" Revue by Geoffrey Parsons and Berkeley Fase. Wed.-Sun. 7.30. Mem. 2s. 6d. Adults only.

A PERFORMANCE of Freytag's "Journalists" to be given by King's College German Soc., at Senate House, W.C.1, on Feb. 6, 2.30, 7.30, Feb. 7, 7.30. Thrs., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. Business Manager, German Soc., King's College, Strand, W.C.2.

ATTIC Players, Euripides' "Iphigenia In Tauris," transl. Philip Vellacott, City Lit. Institute, Stukeley Street, Drury Lane, Feb. 6, 7 & 8, 7.45 p.m. Thrs. 3s. 6d. & 2s. 6d., from J. A. L. Hamilton, Dulwich College, S.E.21, or GIP. 5636.

CHURCH of St. Thomas, Regent Street. February 1-11: Two plays by Charles Williams will be performed by Students from Dramatic Schools. "The House by the Stable" and "Grab and Grace." Each play on alternate nights at 8.30, except on Feb. 3, 10 and 11, when performances will be at 3.30 and 6 p.m. Adm. by programme.

EURYTHMY. A New Art of Movement proceeding from the Goetheanum School for Spiritual Activity in Science and Art. Rudolf Steiner frequently described it as "Visible Speech" and "Visible Song." A performance will be given at The Twentieth Century Theatre, 291 Westbourne Grove, W.11, on Sunday, February 4, at 3.30 p.m. Tickets from Rudolf Steiner Library, 105 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. (Tel.: Mus. 0906).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 4244. Feb. 4th, 7.30. "Les Bas Fonds" (A) (French).

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Feb. 4: "Les Amants de Verone" (A). From Feb. 5: Première of Renoir's "La Regle du Jeu" (A).

EAST & West Film Society. "Four Steps in the Clouds." Grand Italian Film Revival of Great Westend success. Also a short film from The East. Sun., Feb. 11, 3.30. Mem. free. Visitors 3s. 6d. Annual subscription 5s. Enrol now at 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

"FEW, if any, films can have been better made" said Whitebait last week of "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne." Showing 4.15 p.m. Feb. 10, London Film Club Members only. Enquiries: Secretary, 20-21 Tooks Court, Cursitor St., London, E.C.4.

GORKI'S "Artsmonov & Sons" on the screen at Scala Theatre, W.1., 7.30, Tues., Feb. 6. Res. seats: B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s. Book early.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Tel. Langham 6593). Film show for members and friends, including film of the Second World Peace Congress, Puppet films, etc. Fri., February 2, at 7.45 p.m., at 81 Portland Place, W.1. Refreshments.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Feb. 4, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Riddick String Orchestra, Conductor, Kathleen Riddick. Eric Hope, Handel B mi., Op. 6, No. 12. Con. Grosso. Bach Divertimento. Bloch Con. Grosso. Bach D mi. Con. Pf. and Strings. Adm. 1s.

VALERIJA Heybal (Soprano) & Vladimir Rurdjak (Baritone). Pianoforte: Gerald Moore. Wigmore Hall, Tues. next, at 7.30. Under the auspices of British Yugoslav Friendship Society. Songs by Yugoslav composers and Purcell, Gluck, Schumann, Dvorak, Strauss, etc. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

LONDON Mozart Players. Cond., Harry Blech (Presented by Haydn-Mozart Society). Choral Town Hall, Wed. next, at 7.30. Haydn-Mozart prog. Soloist: Dennis Brain (Horn). Tickets: 10s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 6s., 5s. 6d., from usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

68TH Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Feb. 9 at 7. Marguerite Long, assisted by the Quatuor Parrenin, Bernard Demigny (Baritone). Faure 1st Piano Quartet, String Quartet, Songs. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall, usual Agents.

MOZART Series of 5 concerts presented by Y.W.C.A. in Queen Mary Hall, on Wednesdays, beginning Feb. 7. Progs. from Box Office, Y.W.C.A., Central Club, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7512. All seats 2s. 6d. bookable.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Song Recital by Margaret Haes (soprano), Erna Gal (accompanist). Programme includes Dvorak's Biblical Songs and music by Nin-Mompou, Granados, Hunegger and Ravel. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 8 p.m. Non-members 1s.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Sat., Feb. 3. Dance-Social with Ted Mac's Band from 7.30 to 11 p.m. Adm.: Members 2s. 6d., Guests 3s. 6d. (Refr. inc.). Licensed Bar for members.

ENTERTAINMENTS—*continued*

INFORMAL Peace Concert. String Quartet. Vocalist. Anson Hall, Cricklewood. Friday, Feb. 9, 8 p.m. Collection.

COMMITTEE for the Promotion of New Music presents its 125th Studio Recital at Salle Erard, 61, Marlborough St., at 6.30 on Tues., Feb. 6. Chairman: Bernard Stevens. 1st Speaker: Malcolm Arnold.

DANCE. Central London Fabian Society. Sat., Feb. 3, 7.30 p.m. St. Martin's School of Art, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Adm. 4s. by ticket. Mems. & friends only.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields) every day 9-6 and on Saturday mornings. Catalogue sent on request.

THE Italian Institute, 39 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. "Aspects of Italy": the street, the Piazza and the people who live there. Photographs by R. L. Banks and drawings by Vespignani and Moroni. Feb. 5-March 3. Mon.-Fri. 10-8 (drawings 10-6); Sat. 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Admission free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Memorial Exhibition of the French artist, Maxime Maufra (1861-1918), a marine and landscape painter. From Feb. 6.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings and Drawings by W. Tiegue (W. Watrobski) and pupils. Till Feb. 28. Daily 10-5; Sundays 2-6.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Paintings by Margaret Geddes. Daily 11-6, inc. Sats. Till Feb. 17.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbot's Terr., Kens. High St. W.14. Recent paintings by Michael Warre. Feb. 7-24. Wkdays. 10-5. Sat. 10-1.

TWELVE Artists from Around St. Ives. Paintings, Sculpture and crafts. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

MATTA (New Paintings) at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17/18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. Jan. 17-Feb. 14. Weekdays 10-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. First London Exhibition of works by Genia Green. Recent Pictures by Robin Ironside. Until February 10.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

FOREIGN Policy. Sat., Feb. 17: Fabian International Bureau Conference, Beaver Hall, Gt. Trinity St., E.C.4 (nr. Mansion House stn.). 2.30 p.m. R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.: 5.15 p.m., Kenneth Younger, M.P., Minister of State. Adm. and advance apply 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1; 1s.; at door 2s.

UNITED Nations Assocn. Conference, on "China and Communism." Speakers: Michael Lindsay, Leonard Constantine, Dr. Victor Purcell, M.G. Chair: Christopher Mayhew. Feb. 17, 2-5, 6-8 p.m., Le Hall, Kingsway Hall. Tkts. 2s. 6d. Apply Mtgs. Sec., U.N.A., 25 Charles St., W.1.

"NO Alliance with Franco": Public Meeting at St. Pancras Town Hall, W.C.1. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 7.30 p.m. To protest against British Ambassador to Franco-Spain. Mrs. Leah Manning, J.P., Mr. Geoffrey Bing, M.P., Lieut.-Col. Basil Davidson and Nan Green. Adm. 6d. Internatl. Brigade Assocn. and Friends of Republican Spain.

"CHINA Crisis," Ealing Town Hall, Feb. 6, 8 p.m. Doors open 7.30. Spkrs.: Reginald Sorensen, M.P., Kingsley Martin.

CLASS Z Reservists. Emergency Conference, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, Friday, Feb. 9, 7 p.m. Discussion led by Fenner Brockway, M.P., Chairman of the Central Board for Conscientious Objectors. Adm. free. Org. by Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. (EUS.5501.)

ICA. Feb. 2: Miss Harriet Cohen presents records. Feb. 3: "At Home." Feb. 5: "Public Views": discussion on the "Matta and Calder" exhibitions. Feb. 8, at 6 p.m.: "A Course in Contemporary Art," lecture 7, by J. P. Hodin, Ph.D. Feb. 8, at 8 p.m.: "Young Composers—11, Denis Apivor, special recordings introduced by the composer. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17/18 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

FABIAN Women's Group. Dinner on Monday, February 12, at the Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, for 7.15 p.m. Speakers: Saggittarius, "Fabian Fancies," Margaret Cole, "Fabian Women, Past and Present." Non-members of the Group very welcome. Details from Sec., Fabian Women's Group, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

HAROLD Wilson, M.P., speaks at Kingsway Hall, W.C.1, on Sat., Feb. 17, at 2.30 p.m. on "Politics and Industry." Chair: Ian Mikardo, M.P. The Society of Socialist Managers and Technicians. Admission free. Everybody welcomed.

PERSONALIST Group. Miss K. C. Hare on "Human Freedom." Thurs., Feb. 8. Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

THE Nature Cure Clinic. "Dieting and Fasting As Aids." Dr. B. P. Allinson, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Mon., Feb. 5, 7.30 p.m., Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Adm. 2s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Feb. 6 at 7.45 p.m.: "A Comparison of British and Czechoslovak Law." Speaker: Mr. Oliver Stocker, Barrister-at-Law. Chairman: Mr. George Woolley. All welcome. Adm. free.

OPEN Meeting on Man, Feb. 12, Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, 7.30 p.m. "Christians and the Crisis." Dr. A. D. Belden, Dr. Paul Leverhoff, W. Hirvey Moore, K.C., John Rankin, M.P.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Question of Motive." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., Queensway W.2. Sun. Feb. 4, 11 a.m.

EGYPTIAN Education Bureau, 4 Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon Street, W.1. Lady Violet Bonham Carter on "The spoken and written word," 6 p.m., Thurs., February 8. Admission free.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. A Journalist Looks at Russia. Iris Morley on her recent visit Tues. Feb. 13, 8 p.m. 6d. E.S.F.S.

HAMPSTEAD Peace Council Meeting. Hampstead Town Hall. Speakers: Ivor Montagu, Dr. C. R. Woodard. Thursday, February 8, 7.45. Admission 6d.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. Mondays at 7.30 p.m. 5th, Members Meeting. 12th, "Vocational Guidance," by Harold F. Lock. 19th, "Norway," by Fredrik Wulfsberg. 26th, "Finland," by Rev. O. Pohjanpirkka.

"HUGH the Drover" (Vaughan Williams): lecture-recital by James Robertson (with Joyce Gartside, Olwen Price and James McKenna of Sadler's Wells Opera Co.) presented by Finsbury Public Libraries. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1. Thursday, February 8, 7.30. Admission Free.

MISS Elizabeth Bowen will speak on "Character and Motive in the Modern Novel," at an Open Meeting of the London Association for the Teaching of English, 6.30, Wed., Feb. 7, at Institute of Education, Malet Street, W.C.1.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday evenings, at 7 p.m. Feb. 6: Mrs. Virginia Flemming, "Life Without Revelation." Adm. free. Collection.

"WRECKS and Wreck-Raising." A lecture will be given by Capt. Lawson Smith, for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, Mon., Feb. 5, 8 p.m. Adm. Free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. February 10 at 6 p.m. M. Jean Leymaries (Alliance Française): "L'Impressionisme et les sources de la vision contemporaine." (Avec projections.)

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc., Sun., Feb. 4, at 7.45, 784 Finchley Rd., Golders Grn. (Regal Cinema bus stop). Virginia Flemming on "The Problem Before Humanist Parents."

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Tues., Feb. 6, 6.30 p.m. Prof. De Backer, Un. Ghent, on "Flemish Literature." Admission free.

TATSUO ISHIDA will speak on "Japanese Folk Lore," Feb. 9, at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15. All welcome.

LINGUAFILM. New method of learning languages with sound films. Demonstrations every Mon., 5, 6.15 & 8 p.m. 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Adm. 2s. 6d.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. February 4: Psychology of Dreams.

SEX Education Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., London, W.C.1, 7.30 p.m., Monday, February 5, Mr. R. Wood on "Psychology and Sexual Behaviour." Further lectures on March 5, April 9 and May 7. Adm. non-members 2s. Enquiries with stamped addressed envelope to 36, Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. Tel.: WELbeck 7840.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. Feb. 8, "Swami Vivekananda and His Work in the West."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 a.m. Feb. 4, Dr. J. Bronowski, M.A., Ph.D., "Science and Ethics; the Underlying Concepts. Questions after lecture. Free.

BUDDHIST Society, 106, Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Feb. 7, 6.30. "Hinduism." Swami Avyakananda.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

PENDLEY Manor, Tring. Week-end courses, Feb. 16 to 19. Philately—a course of the highest interest to all stamp collectors. Speakers will include N. Clougher on "Canada," and L. C. Smith on "Stamp production." Feb. 23 to 26, Plain English—a course of practical use to all wishing to improve their powers of expression. Speakers will include Fielden Hughes. Details: Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring (Tring 2302).

SCIENTIFIC Cutting: Tuition for tailors, dress-makers, amateurs. Private lessons. Classes. Box 9656.

TOUCH-typewriting. Learn in 12 private lessons, Chelsea. Miss Sutton. FLA. 1493.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—*continued*

GEORGE Bernard Shaw memorial lectures, February 20, 27, March 6. Central Hall, S.W.1, 7.15 p.m. "Our Debt to Shaw." Speakers: The Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, M.P., Prof. C. E. M. Joad, Bernard W. Levy. Series tickets, price 5s., from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. Single tickets—not reserved, 2s. 6d. at the door.

"THE Adventure of Creative Evolution," a Seven Lectures by Ian Fearn, Founder of "Humanity Now" and The New Renaissance School, at the Royal Empire Society, Northumberland Av., W.C.2, on Weds. at 6.30 from Feb. 7 to March 21 incl. Coll.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled "Thoughts on Architecture Today" will be given by Michael Waterhouse, P.P.R.I.B.A., at 5.30 p.m. on February 8 & 15 at University of London, Senate House (Entrance from Malet Street or Russell Square, W.C.1). Admission Free, without ticket.

PSYCHICAL Research—The Present Position. Progressive League Week-end Conference, February 23-25, at Southdean Hotel, nr. Bognor Regis. Chair, Dr. S. C. Harland. Programme: G. N. M. Tyrrell, "The Validity of Paranormal Evidence"; Dr. John Bates, "A Rational Approach to the 'Spirit World'"; Dr. J. Bendit, "The Psychic Factor in Medical Psychology"; Mrs. J. Bendit (Phoebe Payne), "The Nature of the Psychic Faculty." Fees: Mems. £2 7s. 6d., Non-Mems. £2 12s. 6d. Single rooms 7s. 6d. extra. Apply Hon. Sec., 43 West Park, S.E.9. ELT. 1761.

THE Present Question Conference 1951, will be held at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, from August 4-11th, '51. Theme: Freedom & Responsibility in the experience of the Historian, Politician, Philosopher, Judge, Pure Science, Applied Science, Manager & Worker, etc. Speakers: Sir John Cockcroft, Dr. Bronowski, Dr. J. H. Oldham, Lord Vyvalam, E. F. Wolfenden, R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., Herbert Read and others. Enquiries, The Secretariat, 37 Middleway, London, N.W.11.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

LANGHAM Secretarial College. Thorough training for educated girls, leads to well-paid private secretarial posts at home and overseas. Vacancies Feb. 19, April 2 and September. Prospectus: Secretary, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 0191.

HOVEL Theatre Studio. Vacancies evening and afternoon Drama Classes, Stanislavsky method. Apply H.T.S., 23 St. Ann's Villas, W.11. (SLO. 1040 or BAY. 2093.)

HILDE Holger Studio of Modern Dance. For amateurs, professionals, children. (Creative method of teaching.) Class for Pre-School Children commencing shortly. Studio: Baker St., W.1. Enq.: 18 Parliament Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 0698.

MODERN Languages, European & Oriental. English for Foreigners. Preparation for University Entrance. Day & Evening Courses. Private Tuition. Journalism. Business Administration. Post-School Citizenship Course for Girls. Hanover School, 1 Hanover Square, W.1. GRO. 7347.

A Centre For Foreign Languages. Day and Evening classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners and all grades. English For Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640, 2805.

LEARN Languages without Translation. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English: the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lesson, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 65 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

NEYSA Grahame (Director, Hovel Theatre Studio) trains a few students privately for Stage and Films, Stanislavsky method. H.T.S., 23 St. Ann's Villas, W.11. (SLO. 1040 or BAY. 2093.)

DANCE Studio Lilian Harmel: Movement Therapy for teachers, Occup. Therapists; Eurhythmics, Percussion for Children. 48/2 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 3500.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

SPEECH Education. An Easter School, under the direction of Marjorie Gullan, will be held in London from March 28 to 31. There will be classes in Voice and Speech, Choral Speaking, Mime and Movement for the Classroom and the Planning of School Syllabuses. Demonstrations of classroom work. Syllabus from the Speech Fellowship, 1 Park Crescent, Portland Place, London, W.1. (Langham 5147.)

SUMMER School of Music, Bryanston 1951, Aug. 11 to Sept. 1. Prospectus ready shortly.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 142 and 143

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.